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## GOD'S MUSIC.

SINCE ever the world was fashioned,  
 Water, and air, and sod,  
 A music of divers meaning  
 Has flowed from the hand of God.  
 In valley, and gorge, and upland,  
 On stormy mountain height,  
 He makes him a harp of the forest,  
 He sweeps the chords with might.  
 He puts forth his hand to the ocean,  
 He speaks and the waters flow, —  
 Now in a chorus of thunder,  
 Now in a cadence low.  
 He touches the waving flower-bells,  
 He plays on the woodland streams —  
 A tender song — like a mother  
 Sings to her child in dreams.  
 But the music divinest and dearest,  
 Since ever the years began,  
 Is the manifold passionate music  
 He draws from the heart of man!  
 Temple Bar. F. E. WEATHERLY.

## A BALLAD OF THE WERE-WOLF.

THE gudewife sits i' the chimney-neuk,  
 An' looks on the loupin' flame;  
 The rain fa's chill, and the win' ca's shrill,  
 Ere the auld gude-man comes hame.

"Oh, why is your cheek so wan, gudewife?  
 An' why do you glower on me?  
 Sae dour ye luik i' the chimney-neuk,  
 Wi' the red licht in your e'e!"

"Yet this nicht should ye welcome me,  
 This ae nicht mair than a',  
 For I hae scotched yon great grey wolf  
 That took our bairnies twa.

"'Twas a sair, sair strife for my very life,  
 As I warstled there my lane;  
 But I'll hae her heart or e'er we part,  
 Gin ever we meet again.

"An' 'twas ae sharp stroke o' my bonny knife  
 That gar'd her haud awa';  
 Fu' fast she went out owre the bent  
 Wi'outen her right fore paw.

"Gae tak' the foot o' the drumlie brute,  
 And hang it upo' the wa';  
 An' the next time that we meet, gudewife,  
 The tane of us shall fa'."

He's flung his pouch on the gudewife's lap.  
 I' the firelicht shinin' fair,  
 Yet naught they saw o' the grey wolf's paw,  
 For a bluidy hand lay there.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,  
 Wi' the red licht in her e'e,  
 Till she stude but a span frae the auld gude-  
 man,  
 Whiles never a word spak' she.

But she stripped the claiths frae her lang right  
 arm,  
 That were wrappit roun' and roun';  
 The first was white, an' the last was red,  
 And the fresh bluid dreeped adown.

She stretchit him out her lang right arm,  
 An' cauld as the deid stude he.  
 The flames louped bricht i' the gloamin'  
 licht —  
 There was nae hand there to see!

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## SONNET.

IN my life's pilgrimage, as I count o'er  
 Its pleasures, sorrows, dulness, joy, and pain,  
 Short hours of triumph — disappointments  
 sore —  
 Hopes, fears, and wishes — balanced loss and  
 gain —  
 Youth's wasted hours, and love bestowed in  
 vain:  
 Of the long catalogue, there but remain,  
 Like bright spots, where my spirit loves to  
 rest,  
 Sweet thoughts of those whom, with enduring  
 chain  
 Of kindness, I have bound close to my breast.  
 I feel a love which I can not explain,  
 For them, as though some little better part,  
 Of the true nature of this wayward heart,  
 In cherished safety was with them embalmed,  
 To live, when in the unanswering grave its  
 tumults shall be calmed.

Chambers' Journal. W. PRYCE MAUNSELL.

## "LEAVING HOME."

*Mr. La Thangue's Picture in the New Gallery.*

SHE dare not look, she has too full a heart,  
 She cannot wave farewell, she only knows  
 That down between the ruts with Dobbin  
 goes  
 The crazy uncompassionate market cart;  
 But hers is not the only bitter smart,  
 For little Lucy's grief o'erwhelming grows,  
 And she who bore for this a mother's throes  
 Feels better far be childless than so part.

Silent the father stands, but ah, the ache!  
 Old Dobbin drags no heavier load to-day,  
 The carrier cracks his whip and jerks the  
 rein,  
 Yet will not speak — what comfort can he  
 say?  
 And on beside the dreary marshland drain  
 They go, but leave behind them hearts that  
 break.

Academy.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

From The National Review.  
A PRINCESS OF CONDE.

IN the year 1586 there was great rejoicing among the Huguenots over the marriage of Henry, first Prince of Condé (since the defection of Henry IV., their acknowledged leader), with Charlotte de la Tremouille, a member of one of the oldest Calvinist families.

The prince was the son of Louis, Prince of Condé, the hero of the party, killed at Jarnac, cousin of Henry of Navarre. The marriage, hopeful at its commencement, was disastrous at its close, for within two years the prince died of poison at St. Jean d'Angely in 1588. Some of his servants were tortured, a page was executed, and suspicion rested on the princess herself. She was kept in seclusion till after the birth of her son Henry II. She was tried by commissioners, and even threatened with torture, to be deferred, according to the law, till forty days after her delivery; but so much joy was felt when, five months after her husband's death, she gave birth to an heir, that the harsh threat was not carried out. She was kept in prison, but appealed, as being, by marriage, a princess of the blood, to the Parliament of Paris, which took seven years to adjudicate on the case, and at the end of that time gave a decision in the princess's favor, and annulled the proceedings against her. Her child remained in the hands of the Huguenots, and probably resided at the castle of Montrond, in Berri, the only possession which the Wars of the Religion had left to the family of Condé.

When the boy was four years old, Henry IV., now king of France, and a Catholic, was informed by Cardinal Gondé that if he wished to gain the good graces of the pope he must withdraw from the hands of the Calvinists the young Prince of Condé, who, the king having at that time no legitimate heir, was the first prince of the blood, and heir presumptive to the crown. The child was therefore sent to reside at court until he was seven years old, when he came into the hands of his mother, who secured to herself the priceless possession of her only child by the surrender of her religious opinions, a measure made only

too easy by the example of Henry of Navarre. On recovering her liberty, the princess made her submission and received absolution at the hands of Alexander de Medici, Archbishop of Florence, the pope's legate. It is more than probable that the conversion was simulated to secure the guardianship of her son.

Later on we catch two glimpses of the princess mother, once when, directly after her son's marriage, she was acting as a *duenna* to her daughter-in-law, and in 1616, when her son was being conveyed to prison; the princess was in the streets, crying out that they were assassinating her son.

The childhood of Henry was probably passed in his Castle of Montrond, the ruins of which still overhang the little town of St. Arnaud, on the bank of the Cher, and overlook a wide tract of cultivated France, at that time a wild country covered with forest.

The prince's education was diligently cared for, as we learn from the testimony of the nuncio Bentivoglio that "he spoke Latin, Italian, and Spanish; and was more acquainted with the abstract sciences than princes usually are." In outward appearance the nuncio, who knew him well, relates that "the prince was thin and small, face lively, full of wit, easy of access, a great talker, and therefore easy to be seen through."

In 1609 the profligate court of Henry IV. was startled by the appearance of a young beauty, Henriette Charlotte de Montmorenci, daughter of the constable, sixteen years of age, whose charms the writers of the time paint with a sort of enthusiasm. She was presented at court by her aunt, the Princess Montpensier. From the moment of her appearance she fixed the attention of the young nobles who might aspire to her hand, and it was soon remarked that her loveliness had not escaped the notice of the king himself. Among the earliest of those who sought her hand was Bassompierre, who was as conspicuous for his talent and appearance as for his birth. He obtained a favorable hearing from the constable, and studied to make himself acceptable to the lady; but on perceiving the state of affairs, the

king allowed his own admiration to appear. "One day," Bassompierre relates in his memoirs, "the king drew me on one side, and said, 'Bassompierre, I am speaking to you as to a friend. I am not only in love with, but mad about Mlle. de Montmorenci. If you marry her, and she loves you, I shall hate you. If she should love me, you will hate me. It is much better that she should not be the cause of a misunderstanding between you and me.'" Bassompierre was unwilling to retire from an alliance which was very advantageous; but the king pressed him so closely, promising to recompense him, that Bassompierre withdrew. The king embraced him, and wept with satisfaction, "so mean," says the narrator, "does passion render a great man in his old age."

The next suitor was the Prince of Condé. This was an advantageous alliance for Mlle. de Montmorenci. The prince was twenty-two years of age, the first prince of the blood, and, in the event of the death of the king's two young children, was heir to the throne. The infatuation of the king was so evident that the prince hesitated to press his claims, and desired his governor, President De Thou, to inform the king that he had no wish to marry. The king understood the cause of the hesitation; he sent for the prince, and said, "You may marry Mlle. de Montmorenci without any fear on my account." Condé gave credence to the assurance, and the marriage took place at the close of 1609. After the splendid festivities which followed, presents of all kinds abounded in the Hôtel de Condé to such an extent that the prince became suspicious of so much generosity, and withdrew his wife from the court, and established himself at Chantilly, then in the possession of the Montmorenci. The king noticed the precaution, but without showing displeasure to the husband. On the contrary, he tried to gain him over by fresh benefactions. This device turned against the king. Condé's friends warned him of the king's views, who gave grounds for the insinuations. While the prince was at Chantilly, the king appeared at the gate of the château in the guise of a French nobleman. The porter recognized him,

and refused him admission. He returned during the night to Paris, accompanied only by two equerries and some grooms; but the party, small as it was, roused the villagers and their dogs, and was pursued as a body of thieves.

Reports of these proceedings decided the Prince of Condé not to allow his wife to return to court, and he resolved to remove her beyond the king's reach. Then not only gifts ceased, but some revenues which the prince had enjoyed were withdrawn, which did not render him more docile. He indulged in complaints and murmurs. The king replied by menaces. The Duke of Sully was ordered to signify to Condé that he must silence scandal by bringing back his wife to court, where she would be in perfect safety. Sully was the last person in the world to whom such a delicate negotiation should have been entrusted. Far from glossing over his impertinent commission, he threatened the prince with the king's anger, and, by a mixture of threats of exile or imprisonment, succeeded in so awakening Condé's just wrath that the prince decided on carrying off his wife.

He had already prepared his château of Verteuil, on the border of Picardy. He reached it on 29th of November with his wife and mother. A few days after he was invited to a hunting party in the neighboring forest, and the Dame de Trigny, who had been gained over by the king, pressed the princess to dine with her. The young princess approaching the window, cried out to her mother-in-law, "Oh, madame, there is the king!" The dowager, in great wrath, ordered her horses to be put to her coach, refused all entreaties to remain, and poured out reproaches against all the parties concerned, including the king. When her son returned in the evening she told him all.

The prince felt there was no safety on French territory, and on the morrow, two hours before daylight, he started for the frontier. The princess and one of her ladies were on the pillions behind the grooms. Two gentlemen formed the escort. Early in the day they reached Landrecies, the first town in the Low Countries.

These provinces were then governed by the archduke Albert and the infanta Clara, his wife. They maintained a court of extreme decorum. "Pleasures there were, but with no excess. The men occupied themselves with business; the women worked with their needle, following the example of the archduchess, and superintended their own households."

"The regents," says Bentivoglio, "studied to advance the prosperity of the country, and dreaded nothing so much as to see it troubled by the fear of war, and on this ground Henry IV. built his hopes that he should force them to surrender the Princess of Condé."

Sully relates the manner in which the news of the escape was received at the French court.

The king rose from the card-table, walked backwards and forwards, uttering exclamations of anger, while the courtiers, affecting a sorrowful air, turned aside to hide their laughter. In the queen's apartment the joy was not concealed; but the most curious scenes occurred at the Council, which the king insisted on summoning, though it was now night. The first speaker suggested to send an important person to make Condé aware of the impropriety of his proceedings, and to persuade him to return with his wife.

"And your opinion?" said the king, turning to Sully.

"This business," replied Sully, "is too important to be decided on in haste. I have been dragged out of my bed, and my judgment is only half awake."

"Peace!" said the king. "Say what is to be done now."

Sully hesitated a moment, and replied, "Nothing, nothing, sire; when the Spaniards know that you care nothing for the prince and princess, they will give them up."

This was not the counsel that was desired.

Jeannin having had time to consider the wishes of the king, recommended instant pursuit of the fugitives, to bring them back by fair means or by foul, to demand their surrender from the archduke if they had succeeded in reaching his territories, and in case of refusal to declare war.

This was the advice which Henry IV. sought. It was decided that Praslin, the captain of the guard, should set off immediately and signify to the archduke the king's demand. When the Council rose, Sully said: "Sire, I was aware that, having had no time for reflection, I should say nothing worth hearing; but if you had allowed me two days, I should have given you very good advice."

Praslin started, provided with orders to the governors and commanders of troops to give him every support. He might, it is supposed, have captured the prince, because the archduke, not wishing to break with the king, requested Condé to seek another asylum. He had to make a long journey within the French frontier to reach Germany. As to the princess, to spare his unwilling hosts, the prince proposed to take her with him; but the archduchess could not reconcile herself to the blame she would incur by allowing the young princess to be exposed to such hazard, but she promised Condé that his wife should remain in Brussels.

Henry IV. not having succeeded in his first attempt, resolved to employ artifice and force, if necessary, to bring the princess back to Paris.

It appears that the Princess of Condé, if little pleased with the king's admiration, was not insensible to the delights which had surrounded her in Paris. Gifts, fêtes of which she was the star, flattery, attention, honors, which resembled adoration. In the gloomy court of Brussels, with the restraints by which her husband's jealousy surrounded her, separated from him, and guided by the ladies whom the king had gained over, this beautiful girl of sixteen allowed herself to be entangled in a correspondence with the king, in the usual high-flown style, which she only considered as a romance. Henry signed himself "the Shepherd Celadon," she called herself "the Nymph Galatea." He had a coat-of-arms drawn out, in which her initials were entwined with his.

The princess was a most unwelcome guest at Brussels. To procure her return to France was now pressed upon the French ambassador, and to his assistance was sent D'Estrées, with orders to risk



everything to attain the object in view. Negotiations were the first scheme; the king required that Condé should return to Brussels, where he arrived on 23rd December. From that time there was a ceaseless interchange of proposals, all without result, because, says Siri, "much was said about the prince, and very little about the princess, who was the real object of the movement."

Interests were much divided at Brussels; the archduke dreaded that the anger of the king should be poured on him, while the Spanish Council saw a means of exciting civil war in France, and, to add to the confusion, Spinola, the French minister at Brussels, himself fell in love with the princess; contriving to be anxious for the safety of such precious guests, he prevented their escape. Henriette afterwards said: "It was my fate to be loved by old men." The king's agents made the most outrageous proposals to Condé: that he should apply for a divorce, which the king would compel the pope to grant; that he should bring back his wife to France, and himself start on a long journey. Condé professed his willingness to return to France, if a fortified place was allowed to him as a residence. D'Estrées pretended that the husband's jealousy imperilled the life of the wife. A petition for her restoration on this ground was presented to the archduke Albert in the name of her father, Montmorenci, a petition which he afterwards repudiated, saying that he knew nothing of such a document, but that he might easily have been deceived by his secretary, as he did not know how to read or write.

D'Estrées, weary of these fruitless intrigues, now prepared to employ violence, and carry off the princess by armed force. The details of the plot are not very clear, but so positive was Henry of the success of the project, that entering his queen's apartment he announced, on such a day and such an hour you will see the Princess of Condé here. The queen gave immediate information to the Spanish minister who started a messenger, who made such despatch that he arrived at Brussels before the hour fixed for the execution of the plot.

All the city was in an uproar. Condé demanded a guard; the approaches to the Palais d'Orange were patrolled. D'Estrées saw that he was worsted, but he stood his ground, demanded an audience, and complained loudly of the slander promulgated against the king, his master, and required that the guard should be re-

moved. Albert replied calmly that there certainly had been a conspiracy, probably without the knowledge of the king; it had been planned by some injudicious Frenchman, but to avoid difficulties the princess should be removed to the palace of the archduchess. This was a thunderbolt for D'Estrées, who next sent a message to Condé, that unless he returned to France he would be held guilty of high treason. Condé was warned that his life was in danger; he again escaped from Brussels, and took refuge in Milan. All appearance of negotiation was now abandoned, and Henry prepared for war. It was difficult to find a plausible pretence, as the real cause could not be avowed. One was found as to the right of succession to the Valtelline. Spain, strongly disinclined to the war, was less in earnest, knowing, as a contemporary historian writes, that she could always procure a peace by surrendering the Princess of Condé.

An outbreak of consternation came from neighboring States. Who was this new Helen who was to set Europe in a blaze? And what a scandal past endurance, that the king's nearest relative should be a fugitive among strangers because he was resolved to protect his wife from an aged libertine!

The real friends of Henry were dismayed; he became gloomy, abstracted, only longing to find himself again at the head of an army, giving way to dark presentiments, which were afterwards called prophetic. I shall die in this city; I shall never leave it. Oh! fatal coronation, it will be my death; for he had proposed to crown the queen, who was to be regent in anticipation of a prolonged absence from his kingdom. There was unbridled license at court; the king's physicians were busy in finding antidotes to poison. The queen was entreated by her ladies not to taste food sent from the royal table. Preachers declaimed openly against the immorality so disgraceful to a man of the age of Henry. But the dagger of Ravaillac was destined to put an end to this state of things. The coronation of Marie de Medici took place on the 13th May, 1610. Looking down on the brilliant crowd, Henry was heard to say: "This makes me think of the day of judgment. How astonished would all here be if the judge were to appear."

The next day Henry started after dinner to confer with Sully at the Arsenal. The streets were encumbered by the preparations for the solemn entry of the queen. In a narrow street, blocked by

some wagons loaded with wine, Ravailac climbed up by the wheel, and, though there were five persons in the coach, he succeeded in stabbing the king to the heart.

France was entirely stunned by the event, but there was no excitement in the provinces. Marie de Medici calmly assumed the reins of government.

The first subject of deliberation for the Council of Regency was to put aside the war which the late king was on the point of commencing. As the real object of it on the part of France was at an end, and Spain, on the other side, was entirely averse to it, it was not difficult to arrange a satisfactory settlement of the question nominally in dispute. Next to the war, the return of the Prince of Condé engaged the attention of the Council. On the first rumor of the king's death, the prince had rushed back from Milan to Flanders, and appeared unexpectedly on the 19th of June. His reception was not cordial. He spoke sternly to the princess of the frivolity she had displayed, and complained bitterly of the charge of ill-usage which had been preferred against him in the name of the constable; but this difficulty was met by the president Jeannin, who confessed that he had drawn up the indictment by the express order of the late king, and entreated the prince's pardon for it. They were surrounded by persons whose interest it was to embroil the houses of Condé and Montmorenci, but a husband of twenty-two and a wife of sixteen years could not see each other daily and remain estranged; the reconciliation became complete.

The queen regent offered no excuses. She simply allowed the return to Paris, in spite of the fears, not unreasonably entertained, that Condé would render her position as regent unstable; and so soon were these fears justified that many of the nobles absented themselves from the coronation of the young king, which took place in October, 1610.

Under unfavorable circumstances began the feeble regency of Marie de Medici, whose weak nature, and the detestation in which her favorite, D'Ancre, was held, emboldened the members of the great houses to cause disturbance from their petty jealousies; and their wives added to the embarrassment by their contending claims. Sometimes it was a question of precedence, sometimes a right to an apartment at the Louvre, or the privilege of a seat in the queen's presence, or the right of entry to the courtyard of the pal-

ace. The hangers-on joined in supporting their chiefs; the quarrels and reconciliations of the *noblesse* were as frequent as they were frivolous, but not the less mischievous to the State. So disturbed was the condition of the capital that the queen forbade the opening of the fair of St. Germain, saying it was better that five hundred merchants should be ruined than that the State should be in trouble.

To these elements of confusion was added, in 1612, the proposal of the queen regent to marry the young king to an infant of Spain, and his sister Elizabeth to the infant. A council was summoned to consider the proposition. Condé, Soissons, the constable, and their adherents were strong in opposition, and they were supported by the Calvinist party, to whom such an alliance was especially obnoxious. Condé demanded a vote, but Guise, with the audacity of his race, rose, and looking fiercely at his opponents, said: "What is there to deliberate about? The plan is so plainly advantageous that we have only to thank God for permitting, and the queen for procuring it." The ministers applauded, the opponents were mute; Condé and his party retired in dudgeon, as his father-in-law said, having neither the spirit to fight or fly.

Now also the nobles began to put their hands into the exchequer, and to take unblushingly a toll upon all sorts of public improvements, on the creation of titles, on sinecure places. All fraud seemed allowable, if only it were lucrative. Governors asked for reinforcements which they did not enrol; remainders were given to the third generation. Salaries were paid twice over, from the greatest to the least. Some claimants obtained dowries for their daughters, some the payment of their debts. It was a universal pillage. The Prince of Condé had a gratification of "six cent mille livres." But in the spring of 1614 misunderstandings again arose. The princes, Condé at their head, retired from court. The demands now were for the investigation and diminution of pensions, and for the summoning of the States-General, the dismissal of obnoxious ministers, and the postponement of the Spanish marriages.

The States-General met in 1614, but the party of the princes was still in revolt. Each retired to his government and province. They levied troops, and made a show of war. The regent sought an accommodation, and some of the terms were agreed to, but in a month Condé was again in opposition. The Chambers of

Parliament assembled, and invited the peers to join them, and to form a council for consideration of the affairs of State. The queen forbade the attendance of the nobles. Condé had the weakness to obey. The triumph of the court was but momentary. D'Ancre's dismissal was demanded, and his murder planned, but for the moment he obtained the fortress of Amiens, and placed a strong garrison there, while Condé started for his government, and declared openly for the Calvinists. The surprise of the ministers was extreme; the monarchy was in great danger. The revolted nobles held Guienne, Picardy, Normandy, Poitou, Berri, Anjou, and Maine, and the scattered Calvinists supported them. Marie de Medici, with her usual weakness, was willing to surrender everything to the insurgents, but a powerful supporter, in the person of Richelieu, was emerging from obscurity to strengthen the queen's hand and introduce firmer counsels.

The tension was great between Condé and the regent, when she started for a long procession through France to complete the Spanish marriages. The regent ordered Condé and his followers to attend her, which he did with a retinue that amounted to a small army, and more than once a battle was imminent, but again a shadowy reconciliation was effected.

But his success dazzled and ruined Condé. His return to Paris was a sort of triumph. Every one seemed to imagine he was to be in future the fount of honor, and he believed it himself. He was more courted than the king. In the intoxication of success, he did not moderate his words or his actions; he lorded it over the court, and distributed employments and promotions at his pleasure. The regent herself submitted.

Sully warned her of the result of her weakness. "In the present state of things," said he, "in a few days all authority must pass into the hands of the Prince of Condé; two great powers are incompatible. The nobles and the common people are for the princes; your authority will be gone. I do not believe you are safe in Paris. I would rather see you and your son in the open country with a thousand horsemen than in the Louvre." The regent woke up to the situation, and began underhand intrigues with the enemies of the prince. Rumors reached the ears of the princes, who arranged that they would never be all at one time at the Louvre; this precaution saved Mayence and Bouillon, but ruined Condé.

On the 1st September, the Prince of Condé presented himself at the meeting of the Council. The queen sent a message to her son to come to her private apartment. On the king's departure, M. de Thenines and his two sons surrounded Condé, demanded his sword, and declared him a prisoner. It was on this occasion that the prince's mother drove through the streets of Paris, exhorting the citizens to rescue her sons; but the only result was that a mob of the lowest of the people rushed to the magnificent hotel of the minister D'Ancre, and sacked it. The court party was delighted that the fury of the populace was concentrated on furniture and jewellery; it had feared something more formidable. While the prince was being conveyed to prison, the carriages of the queen were being loaded in the courtyard of the palace with money and the crown jewels, to effect their removal if the plot had miscarried.

The king read an address to the Parliament that it had cost him much pain to proceed to extremities against his cousin, and recapitulated charges of conspiracy against him. On the night of the 24th of September, Condé was removed from the guard-house in the Louvre, where he had been for three weeks, to the Bastille. The regent, in the mean while, sent agents to treat with the remainder of the malcontents, who submitted without difficulty. They signed the humblest of renunciations, were acknowledged as good and faithful servants of the crown, were reinstalled in their posts, and no mention was made of the liberation of Condé. The only hope that remained to him was in attempting to tamper with his guard; but it was useless, and at twenty-eight years of age, from the height of power, the Prince of Condé entered upon a captivity of more than three years' duration. It was on the 1st September that Condé was transferred from the prison in the Louvre to the Bastille.

Whether the stories of dungeons, oubliettes, and torture-chambers, were well founded or not, it is certain that the Bastille was a very stern prison. Entirely reserved for political prisoners, who were sent there without any form of trial, and were detained in some cases from five to twenty years, often till death liberated them.

After years of imprisonment of those prisoners whom it was not thought prudent to liberate, much intercourse was allowed among themselves. They had their own servants, often dined together,

and played games ; but the seclusion was by no means diminished, and permission to walk on the walls was only allowed as a special favor, or on account of serious illness. The death of these untried prisoners within the walls of the Bastille was not desired.

A few months after her husband's incarceration, the Princess of Condé presented a petition that she might be allowed to visit him ; the stern answer was returned that she might see him, but only on the condition that she should remain with him and share his captivity, however long it might last. This Henriette accepted, and at nineteen years of age, on the eve of Corpus Christi, this young wife, described as the most beautiful woman of her time, voluntarily shared her husband's fortunes. Two sons were born to them in the following years. Neither of them lived ; the gloomy Bastille was not a place in which the fragile children of the house of Condé could be reared.

The regency of Marie de Medici was one long scene of confusion and disorder. The feeble Louis XIII. oscillated between one favorite and another. In the fourth year of Condé's imprisonment, the minister, who had to secure himself against the queen dowager, bethought himself of liberating Condé. For three years the prince, whose offences were not clear to every one, had languished in prison. The nobles began to murmur about so long a captivity ; the minister was made aware that negotiations had been set on foot between the party of the princes and Marie de Medici to obtain his release, and he desired to secure the help of his former antagonist.

In the middle of 1619, the severity of Condé's imprisonment was relaxed. His wife was allowed to leave the prison ; permission to see his friends was accorded to him. Finally the king paid him a visit, and Luynes himself went to release him from Vincennes, where he had been transported in the previous November.

On the following day appeared a declaration from the king, as favorable as could be desired. After a preamble, in which were stirred up the ashes of the Duc d'Ancre and his wife, under the name of bad ministers, "who wished to ruin every one and among the greatest mischief which they had occasioned to France was the arrest and detention of our very dear cousin, the Prince of Condé."

There was no limit to the compensations to which the partisans of Condé considered him entitled. He entered Paris at

the head of fifteen hundred gentlemen. As usual riches and governments were showered upon him. The prince openly espoused the cause of the king and his minister De Luynes, to revenge himself on the queen mother for his long imprisonment.

During the years of Condé's captivity many of his followers had fallen away, and many changes had taken place at the court. The maréchal D'Ancre, who for many years had the whole control of affairs under the nominal authority of Marie de Medici, had been assassinated ; his wife Eleonore, whose ascendancy over the queen had been absolute, had been burned at the stake. "*Sortilège*," said the wretched woman at her trial, "no other than that which a strong will has over a weak one."

The king and his mother at last were at open war. She resided in her government of Blois, where she maintained a small army. Condé was in command of the king's forces, and he is reproached with having allowed a small town to be put to the sword, when in two hours a treaty of peace would have been signed and much bloodshed spared. "It was not for the king to be kept waiting," was Condé's excuse. A hollow reconciliation was patched up between the king and his mother, under the guidance of Richelieu, and terminated for a time the civil war.

The queen mother returned to Paris, united her court to that of the young queen, and gaiety and pleasure had full swing. The king went on an expedition to reduce the Calvinists of Bearn, during which the minister De Luynes, who had created himself constable of France, allowed the army to be cut to pieces before Mantauhan, and died of fever in three days. His behavior as a soldier was not thought highly of. His surgeon wrote to his wife : "Do not be uneasy about me, I run no risk ; monseigneur keeps me always close to himself." Condé was hastily summoned to take the command of the king's army, and by his advice the town of Montieu was taken by storm, abandoned to pillage, and the garrison put to the sword. Condé is reported to have cited to the king the example of Saul, who had brought a curse on himself by sparing the Amalekites. The king soon wearied of the war ; the nobles were jealous of Condé's influence over the king, and persuaded him to conclude a peace without even allowing Condé to be informed of it till he learned it, so to speak, along with the nation. Very much irritated, Condé obtained leave to travel, and spent much time in Italy.

The years succeeding the release from prison were chiefly spent by the Princess of Condé in retirement, occupied by the birth and education of her three children.

Her only daughter, Anne Genevieve de Bourbon, ultimately Duchesse de Longueville, and styled "the Heroine of the Fronde," was born in the year following the imprisonment of her parents. She inherited somewhat of her mother's beauty, but by no means resembled her in character. Her life was scandalous, and embittered her mother's death-bed. In her youth she was reported to be wise and virtuous, but her marriage ruined her. The Duc de Longueville, twenty years older than his wife, of repulsive manners, and unattractive appearance, was yet a man of considerable ability, and a prominent leader among the restless politicians of the Fronde, but he was rich, and the Prince of Condé, greedy of wealth, sacrificed his daughter's chance of happiness to obtain a son-in-law of great possessions. Soon after the birth of two children, her name became linked with that of the Duc de Rochefoucauld, the cynical author of the "Maximes." It was of the Duchesse de Longueville that Rochefoucauld wrote:

Pour gagner son amour, pour plaire à ses  
beaux yeux,  
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurai fait aux  
Dieux.

Mlle. de Scuderi gives a scarcely veiled portrait of the duchesse, under the name of Mondane, in the "Grand Cyrus." The beautiful "golden locks of her hair, a most noble figure, eyes soft, blue, and brilliant, her mouth red, and her teeth white and regular, complexion bright and smooth, and the most beautiful hands that could be seen."

Cardinal de Retz says of her: "The duchesse has naturally energy, but she has added to it finish and skill. Her capacity has not been assisted by her indolence; there is a languor in her movements more bewitching than the brilliancy of other women even more beautiful."

Another author of "Memoires" says of her: "So eager to gain the favor of the populace, so converted as to finish in the retreat of the cloister a life which love and ambition had equally agitated." Mme. de Motheville writes: "It was impossible to see her without loving her, and endeavoring to please her."

On September 7th, 1621, was born Louis de Bourbon, the Great Condé, but styled Duc d'Enghien during the lifetime of his father. In virtue of their relation

to the royal family, the father and son were called M. le Prince and M. le Duc. As the child was frail and delicate he was sent to the castle of Montrond in Berri, where in pure air he was reared by peasant women. After the losses they had sustained, the life of this son became of paramount importance to Henriette and her husband. The boy gradually improved in health, and early showed the self-will and imperious temper which distinguished him in later life. The prince himself superintended his son's education, with the help of a worthy tutor and two Jesuit fathers, and thus accompanied D'Enghien entered the college at Bourges. He made great progress in his studies. Besides the usual classical learning he was taught history, mathematics, declamation, riding, and dancing. When the Prince of Condé was absent at court, or with the army, he exacted from his son a regular correspondence, and at eight years of age he was required to write in Latin. A translation of a letter at the age of fourteen has been preserved. He had just returned from Montrond. "It is not without regret that I left so agreeable a residence, where, during a stay of three months, I never felt a moment of weariness. The fine season, and the beauty of advancing autumn, invited me to prolong my stay, but I must obey your orders." At fifteen, he writes to his father: "I have kept, it is true, more dogs than my sport-ing required; you will forgive this fault in consideration of my ardor for the amusement, but as soon as I received your letter I got rid of all my dogs, except the nine you allowed me to keep. I have nothing so near my heart as to obey your orders."

The last child of the Princess of Condé, Armand, Prince of Conti, was eight years younger than his brother, and little worthy of the race from which he sprang. Deformed in person, with that malignity of temper and delight in giving pain too often associated with deformity, he was destined for the Church, but when D'Enghien had obtained the promise of a cardinal's hat for him, he declined to take orders.

The princess, during the childhood of her family, divided her time between Paris, where she inhabited the Hôtel de Condé, in the Marais, the fashionable quarter, which stood on the site of the Odeon Theatre, and the palace at Bourges, the seat of her husband's government, which had the advantage of propinquity to the stately castle of Montrond, whose



ruins still overhang the valley of the Loire, now a well cultivated country, but which at that time consisted of heath and forest, well suited to invigorate the family of Condé, so singularly deficient in physical strength, so puny and plain, and dwindling with each succeeding generation, that the Great Condé said "if the family lasted long enough they would be sprites."

In 1632 the Princess of Condé suffered the severest trouble of her life, in the execution of her brother, the Duc de Montmorenci, who, relying on the support of the unstable Gaston, the king's brother, had joined the cabal which ever dogged the fortunes of Cardinal Richelieu. He was taken prisoner in actual warfare against the royal forces, and, in spite of the efforts of his sister to obtain his pardon, was beheaded at Toulouse. Says Siri: "There was no judge who would have hesitated to condemn him, and no other king who would not have pardoned him." His possessions were confiscated, but Condé, with the foresight which had become habitual to him, contrived that the splendid estate of Chantilly should be bestowed on his sister the princess.

About this time began the glorious period of literature in France. Now appeared the many writers of memoirs and contemporary history — the splendid tragedies of Corneille, the philosophical writings of Pascal, the biting sarcasms of Rochefoucauld, and a host of less known authors. Now began the opening of *salons*, where the newest books, the freshest epigrams, were criticised; where a poet's reputation was made or marred; where Richelieu, who had failed as a dramatist, sat in judgment on the "Cid." The hôtels of Rambouillet, of Condé, and later of Mlle. Scuderi, gathered together the wits of the day. These reunions had their weak side in the affected politeness and pedantry of the frequenters, one of whom said "the name of Rambouillet recalls a mixture of Roman grandeur and French civilization."

This celebrated hôtel was on the site of the present Palais Royal. Here assembled the famous literary society, the *bel-esprit* coteries, which flourished between 1620 and 1630; a society which united men and women by new bonds, mingled the nobles, the members of fashionable society, with men of letters, created a new code of morals in the midst of a dissolute one, reformed and enriched the language. Women, especially, profited by association with men of letters. There the art of conversation had its birth.

We catch glimpses of Condé during this period. Lord Herbert of Cherbourg, English ambassador at Paris, relates that the Prince of Condé reproached him for the profane swearing of the king his master; "that," said the ready courtier, "comes of his gentleness, for though he could punish his enemies, he refers them to God for punishment."

When St. Grau, the director of Port Royal, was imprisoned in Vincennes in 1638, the Prince of Condé interceded for him. "Do you know of whom you speak?" was Richelieu's reply. "That man is more dangerous than six armies."

The last years of the Prince of Condé were gladdened by the brilliant career of his son D'Enghien. At this time the royal family and the court were under the iron rule of Richelieu, consequently in continual intercourse with the minister. The princess was on intimate terms with Anne of Austria, the prince was *intendant* of the king's household. The quarrels of the court ladies produced a complete change in public affairs after the deaths of Louis XIII. and Richelieu. Cardinal Mazarin obtained complete influence over Anne of Austria, the new regent. Condé, by the late king's will, had been named president of the Council of Regency. He was persuaded to relinquish his claim. Mazarin viewed with alarm the growing power of the house of Condé. The Duc d'Enghien, the idol of the army, had served under his father in the campaign of Roussillon, had learned the art of generalship before he was twenty; had won the battle of Rocroi at twenty-three. His father lived to see his son's victories at Thionville, Freiburg, and Nordlingen. He was governor of Champagne, and possessed the fortress of Stenay.

The greed of Condé was insatiable. He demanded the office of high admiral, and being refused, retired to his government at Berri. His wife remained at court in very bad humor. When people condoled with her upon her son's wound before Mardyke, she replied bitterly, "I see you regret that he was not wounded worse." Mazarin contrived to appease the house of Condé. The prince returned to Paris to negotiate about the equivalent he was to receive. He died, after a few days' illness, on Christmas day, 1646.

Madame de Motteville assures us that "he ended his life as a good Christian and Catholic, for he gave his blessing to his children only on condition that they should live in the Roman Catholic faith." The account this lady gives of his personal

appearance is not flattering. Those who had known him in youth said that he had been handsome, but in his later days he was ugly and uncleanly, his eyes were red, his beard was neglected. In his character there were many good qualities, but his spirit of order and economy, which degenerated into avarice, had repaired the fortunes of his family, and he left a million of livres as the income of his house.

The Duc d'Enghien, now by his father's death Prince of Condé, pursued that career of victory which procured for him the name of the Great Condé. His mother, the dowager princess, seems to have lived much at court, and was a sincere friend of Anne of Austria.

The civil war of the Fronde broke out, and so completely were all parties turned upside down that Condé became opposed to his brother Conti, and to his sister the Duchesse de Longueville; but in 1649 the court, partly from being reduced to great straits, acceded to the growing demands of the Parliament of Paris. An armistice was proclaimed, and the princess dowager succeeded in reconciling her children to one another. Condé despised his brother too much to hate him, and had always been attached to his sister, and now began to adopt her political views; but the queen regent was never reconciled to the Duchesse de Longueville, and inflicted on her the slights which a woman in power can always contrive to do. Court intrigues broke out. The imperious temper of Condé was no match for the astuteness of Cardinal Mazarin, who knew when to bend and when to strike. The violence of Condé, says Madame de Nemours, furnished arms against himself; the Duc de Longueville was even less inclined to conciliation; they took pleasure in incivility. Visitors of rank waited in the ante-chamber of the prince, and had to depart without an interview. The arrogance of the prince led him into personal insolence to the regent. The parties so lately warring against each other, that is the court and the Fronde, coalesced. They decided to strike by arresting Condé at the Palais Royal, and getting hold of Conti and De Longueville.

On the 18th January, 1650, Condé waited on the cardinal in the morning, promising to return with his brother and his brother-in-law, in the afternoon, to discuss at the Council some affairs which concerned him. From the Palais Royal Condé went to dine with his mother, who blamed him for the entire confidence he placed in the court. "Believe me," she said, "I know

the court party from long experience." "What have I to fear?" returned her son. "The queen never treated me so well, the cardinal is my friend." "I doubt it," replied the princess. "God grant, my son, that you may not be mistaken." On Condé's leaving her, she resolved to follow him, and herself speak to the queen.

Anne of Austria had learnt how to dissimulate; she received the princess as usual. The Prince of Condé appeared for a few minutes in the queen's apartments. It was the last meeting of the mother and son. The queen and princess dowager were still together, when a message arrived that the queen was expected at the Council. This was the arranged signal for the arrest of Condé. Anne of Austria took a friendly leave of the dowager, whom she never saw again.

At the meeting of the Council, instead of the regent appeared Guiteau and an armed troop. Guiteau approached the prince, and said he had the queen's orders to arrest him, Conti, and Longueville. Surprised but firm, Condé repeated the order to the others in a loud voice, and demanded an interview with the queen, but in vain. Conducted by Guiteau, the three princes went down by a private staircase to a dark passage.

"Here is what savors of the death of Guise at Blois," said Condé. "No, monseigneur," returned Guiteau; "if that were the intention I should not be mixed up in it." In the garden were closed carriages and an escort, and the princes were conveyed to Vincennes. The fickle Parisians made some little excitement over the fate of their late leaders, but it was soon quelled.

The Count de Brienne was sent to announce the news to the young Princess of Condé and the dowager, and to require of them that they should retire to Chantilly with the young Duc d'Enghien, seven years of age, and the children of the Duc de Longueville.

Less forbearance was shown to the duchesse; but she made good her escape, and her lover, the Prince Massillac, carried her off on horseback that night, with a few followers, to Normandy, where she hoped to raise an insurrection. The charges made next day in Parliament against the princes were but slight; it was simply a case of overwhelming power, borne with a haughtiness and intolerance which disgusted high and low. The conduct of the regent was grave and reassuring. She showed grief at having to proceed to extremities against the princess

dowager, who had been her friend and her consoler in her troubles. The Parliament rejoiced to ratify the decree against the princes; bonfires were lighted in the streets of Paris.

The wits declared that the cardinal at one haul had caught the lion, the fox, and the ape. Thus, on all sides, the party of Condé was either defeated or forsaken. He and his brothers are thus reported of at Vincennes: "The Prince of Conti weeps and keeps his bed. M. De Longueville never speaks. M. le Prince sings, swears, hears mass, reads Italian books. When his brother requested to have the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' Condé exclaimed, 'As for me, sir, give me the imitation of the Duc de Beaufort, that I may escape hence as he did.'"

After the first shock, the Princesses of Condé led a peaceful and cheerful life at Chantilly. The conseiller d'état Lenet, a devoted adherent of the dowager, joined the little court, and became the guide of the little party.

The dowager had with her her kinswoman—the Duchesse de Chatillon, and Mlle. Gerbier, an Englishwoman, and many young persons of both sexes. No one had yet appreciated the fine qualities of the young princess, who now began to exhibit her courage, chiefly on account of her boy of seven. "I already foresaw," says Lenet, "how much we should stand in need of the princess and that young prince." The many suggestions made to the dowager distracted her judgment.

Sometimes it was timidity and avarice, sometimes courage and a desire for revenge, and a wish to recover freedom for her children. At length we got her to believe that while a war was being carried on at a distance she might remain undisturbed at her house at Chantilly, and wait for the outbreak against Mazarin, which was sure to come.

During the negotiations which Lenet was secretly keeping up with the followers of Condé with very little success, the life at Chantilly was not unpleasant. Lenet says:—

I used to go to Paris unknown, and when at Chantilly had the honor of attending the ladies. The Dowager had an agreeable wit and a sparkling conversation; she spoke with sorrow of the Queen's ingratitude to her. She described with horror the character of Cardinal Richelieu. The evenings were agreeable. After the usual prayers had been said in the chapel, which every one attended, all the ladies returned to the apartments of the Dowager, where they played games and sang; there were fine voices, agreeable conversation,

and stories of Court intrigues, and gallantry which made life pass pleasantly to us attendants, though we shared sincerely the grief of the two Princesses. The young ladies were grave or gay according to the visits they received or expected; they walked on the edge of the lake or in the alleys of the park and gardens, or read romances in the balconies. Never was there such a beautiful place, nor such a beautiful season, nor such good company; but suddenly, at eight in the morning of the 11th April, the news I had expected came and destroyed all our pleasure.

Reports came in that troops were approaching Chantilly on both sides, having last night taken up stations in the neighboring villages.

The princess sent scouts, who confirmed the reports. After dinner, at midday, a little council was held. All agreed there was no safety at Chantilly for the princesses, and still less for the little Duc d'Enghien. Lenet now began to develop his plan, that the boy should be taken beyond the Loire, where his name might enlist followers, but the young princess rose and said that nothing should separate her from her child. The princess dowager spoke with tears in her eyes. "Since both," she said, "had the same object, that of securing the safety of the little duc, the hope of their house, they would put themselves beyond the reach of persecution, and bring up the child in the fear of God; for the service of the king."

At this point the conference was interrupted by the arrival of a bishop, coming on business of confirmation of some of the servants. At five o'clock an agent of the princess reported having seen one of the king's gentlemen, who allowed that he was going to see the princess on important business. This news, combined with the approach of troops, left no doubt that the gentleman was the bearer of an order of arrest. There were only a few minutes to decide in. One of the princess's equerries announced that M. de Vouldy had arrived at the château, and demanded to present letters from the king. Then the dowager consented to retire to her bedroom, and counterfeited illness. Lenet passed in all haste to the young princess's room, who was in bed with a cold and fever, but as soon as she perceived that the moment for action had arrived, she rose, put Mlle. Gerbier in her place, and hid herself behind her mother-in-law's bed, with Lenet and the Duchesse de Chatillon, while the king's gentleman was brought into the dowager's room.

De Vouldy having been introduced,

presented the *lettre de cachet*, which announced that the king, judging that the residence of the princesses at Chantilly was prejudicial to his interests, had resolved to remove them to Chateauroux in Berri, with the Duc d'Enghien and the children of the Duc de Longueville, and that M. de Vouldy was to conduct them by a given route, with orders not to leave them. The princess dowager replied that she had neither age nor strength to make so sudden a journey, that she must have time for preparation. In the mean time, M. de Vouldy might go and deliver to the young princess the letter with which he was charged, and might then take a walk and amuse himself in the château. De Vouldy therefore proceeded to the apartments of the Princess of Condé; there he was presented to Mlle. Gerbier, in her mistress's bed, who so perfectly mimicked her tone, her manner of speaking, her reproaches against the queen and the cardinal, that she deceived De Vouldy, not for that day only, but for a week. He thought he might grant a delay on the plea of illness, and in answer to some reports from Paris of the escape of the princess, he wrote that he could answer for the contrary, that he saw her Highness at all hours of the day.

On leaving the chamber of the princess, De Vouldy was taken to see the Duc d'Enghien, whom he had asked to visit; but he saw only the son of the gardener of the same age, who by Lenet's order had been dressed in the duc's clothes, and surrounded by governesses and nurses. De Vouldy never suspected the plot. De Vouldy was then invited to inspect the gardens, while a second little council was being held. "As I saw," says Lenet, "that they were all preparing long speeches, I interrupted the second speaker, as I knew there was no time to be lost. I said, 'I see no better plan than to carry off in all haste the duc and his mother.' The young princess did not shrink, but fear had taken possession of the dowager's mind." "Where do you propose to convey them, Lenet?" said she. "To Montrond, madame; and I trust to carry them safely." "You wish to have us all made prisoners," said she bitterly. "We are so already," retorted Lenet. When calm was restored, Lenet suggested that when the mother and child had escaped, the dowager should go to Paris and lay before the Parliament a petition for the release of the princes, to which she agreed. The Duchesse de Chatillon decided to remain with her. The journey to

Montrond could be no longer postponed. A closed carriage was furnished, horses being taken separately into the forest. The little prince, dressed as a girl, and carried in the arms of an equerry, who had directions to plunge with him into the forest in case of danger, took a final leave of his grandmother. It may be noted that if this child had died, society would have been no loser; he became ultimately a terrible domestic tyrant, his wife was his continual victim, and his daughter died of his ill-usage.

The little party started, moving with great precaution. The dowager, who had caught her husband's love of money, was anxious to secure a service of gold plate, but Lenet absolutely refused to add to the danger of the escape. Another carriage was sent out, as if for a drive in the forest. The two parties moved in separate divisions. They had to pass through Paris, going in and out by different gates. After many adventures, the princess and her child reached Montrond on the 16th April. The princess dowager lingered at Chantilly, hoping to receive news of their arrival, but on that day she was served with an order to obey the king's command without delay. She made her escape that night, and reached Paris before De Vouldy had any idea of her evasion.

During ten days, hidden in the house of one of her adherents, she awaited the assembling of the Parliament. She appeared with a petition in her hand in the lobby. She stopped the members as they arrived, and entreated their support. "As for me," she said, with tears, "they want to send me to a prison. With what can I be reproached, but of being the mother of the Prince of Condé?" Some sympathy was expressed for her. She was ordered to remain within the precincts of the Palais de Justice, and many of the nobility visited her there. On the third day the Duke of Orleans came to the meeting, accompanied by his suite. The princess was waiting for him in the corridor, among the crowd. She threw herself at the feet of Gaston, imploring justice for her children. Gaston escaped from her grasp, muttering some indistinct words. But compassion had little hold on a mind so cowardly as that of Gaston, Duke of Orleans. He disclaimed on the part of the queen, his mother, any intention of harshness to the princess dowager, but placed before the astonished assembly an intercepted copy of a treaty concluded at Stenay, by Turenne and the Duchesse de Longueville on one side, and the Spanish

authorities on the other. This State paper destroyed all hope for the prisoners. The magistrates, loyal to their country, viewed with dismay an avowed alliance with the enemies of France. No voice was now raised in defence of the mother of the Duchesse de Longueville.

The princess relinquished all hope, and took refuge that night in an obscure house. In a few days permission was obtained for her to reside with her cousin, the Duchesse de Chatillon, at Chatillon-sur-Loing; so once more the old house of Admiral Coligny became a shelter for one of the house of Condé. Here the avarice which she had learned from her husband prevented her from sending help in money to her daughter-in-law, while her gold plate was hoarded at Chatillon. The princess was at first seriously ill, but when Lenet waited upon her there to inform her of the military movements, in which the young princess was the leading spirit, he found her apparently in good health, but more "avaricious and timid" than ever, fearing above all things to compromise herself with the court.

In the beginning of November, the news of the removal of the prisoners to Havre, where they would be entirely in the hands of Mazarin, broke down the strength of the princess; she died at Chatillon, 2nd December, 1650, aged fifty-six. In her last moments she desired her confessor to see the queen, and say that she died her very humble servant, although she was dying of grief caused by the persecution of her children.

To the Countess de Brienne, writes Mme. de Motteville, she appealed on her death-bed, and stretching out her hand, said: "My dear friend, let that unhappy creature at Stenay know the state in which you see me, and let her also learn to die." The princess was buried in the Church of Valleri, near Sens.

The Duchesse de Longueville survived her mother twenty-nine years. It is not within the limits of this sketch to recount her adventures during the Fronde, her hairbreadth escapes from sieges, battles, and shipwreck; but it is interesting to find that the last years of her life were passed under entirely different conditions. Weary of the world, she retired to the valley of Port Royal, and became an earnest defender of the Jansenists. She resided there, in a mansion close to the abbey, the foundations of which still exist. Here she learnt the death of her only son, killed in battle in 1672, and here she died in 1679.

F. M. FOSTER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

# A PHYSIOLOGIST'S WIFE.

## I.

PROFESSOR AINSLIE GREY had not come down to breakfast at the usual hour. The presentation chiming-clock which stood between the terra-cotta busts of Claude Bernard and of John Hunter upon the dining-room mantelpiece had rung out the half-hour and the three-quarters. Now its golden hand was verging upon the nine, and yet there were no signs of the master of the house.

It was an unprecedented occurrence. During the twelve years that she had kept house for him, his younger sister had never known him a second behind his time. She sat now in front of the high silver coffee-pot, uncertain whether to order the gong to be re-sounded or to wait on in silence. Either course might be a mistake. Her brother was not a man who permitted mistakes.

Miss Ainslie Grey was rather above the middle height, thin, with peering, puckered eyes and the rounded shoulders which mark the bookish woman. Her face was long and spare, flecked with color above the cheek-bones, with a reasonable, thoughtful forehead, and a dash of absolute obstinacy in her thin lips and prominent chin. Snow-white cuffs and collar, with a plain dark dress, cut with almost quaker-like simplicity, bespoke the primness of her taste. An ebony cross hung over her flattened chest. She sat very upright in her chair, listening with raised eyebrows, and swinging her eye-glasses backwards and forwards with a nervous gesture which was peculiar to her.

Suddenly she gave a sharp, satisfied jerk of the head, and began to pour out the coffee. From outside there came the dull thudding sound of heavy feet upon thick carpet. The door swung open, and the professor entered with a quick, nervous step. He nodded to his sister, and seating himself at the other side of the table, began to open the small pile of letters which lay beside his plate.

Professor Ainslie Grey was at that time forty-three years of age—nearly twelve years older than his sister. His career had been a brilliant one. At Edinburgh, at Cambridge, and at Vienna he had laid the foundations of his great reputation, both in physiology and in zoology. His pamphlet, "On the Mesoblastic Origin of Excitomotor Nerve Roots," had won him his fellowship of the Royal Society; and his researches, "Upon the Nature of



Bathybius, with some Remarks upon Lithococci," had been translated into at least three European languages. He had been referred to by one of the greatest living authorities as being the very type and embodiment of all that was best in modern science. No wonder, then, that when the commercial city of Birchespool decided to create a medical school, they were only too glad to confer the chair of physiology upon Mr. Ainslie Grey. They valued him the more from the conviction that their class was only one step in his upward journey, and that the first vacancy would remove him to some more illustrious seat of learning.

In person he was not unlike his sister. The same eyes, the same contour, the same intellectual forehead. His lips, however, were firmer, and his long, thin lower jaw was sharper and more decided. He ran his finger and thumb down it from time to time, as he glanced over his letters.

"Those maids are very noisy," he remarked, as a clack of tongues sounded in the distance.

"It is Sarah," said his sister; "I shall speak about it." She had handed over his coffee-cup, and was sipping at her own, glancing furtively through her narrowed lids at the austere face of her brother.

"The first great advance of the human race," said the professor, "was when, by the development of their left frontal convolutions, they attained the power of speech. Their second advance was when they learned to control that power. Woman has not yet attained the second stage." He half closed his eyes as he spoke, and thrust his chin forward, but as he ceased he had a trick of suddenly opening both eyes very wide and staring sternly at his interlocutor.

"I am not garrulous, John," said his sister.

"No, Ada; in many respects you approach the superior or male type."

The professor bowed over his egg with the manner of one who utters a courtly compliment; but the lady pouted, and gave an impatient little shrug of her shoulders.

"You were late this morning, John," she remarked, after a pause.

"Yes, Ada; I slept badly. Some little cerebral congestion, no doubt due to overstimulation of the centres of thought. I have been a little disturbed in my mind."

His sister stared across at him in undisguised astonishment. The professor's mental processes had hitherto been as

regular as his habits. Twelve years' continual intercourse had taught her that he lived in a serene and rarefied atmosphere of scientific calm, high above the petty emotions which affect humbler minds.

"You are surprised, Ada," he remarked. "Well, I cannot wonder at it. I should have been surprised myself if I had been told that I was so sensitive to vascular influences. For, after all, all disturbances are vascular if you probe them deep enough. I am thinking of getting married."

"Not Mrs. O'James?" cried Ada Grey, laying down her egg-spoon.

"My dear, you have the feminine quality of receptivity very remarkably developed. Mrs. O'James is the lady in question."

"But you know so little of her. The Esdailes themselves know so little. She is really only an acquaintance, although she is staying at the Lindens. Would it not be wise to speak to Mrs. Esdaile first, John?"

"I do not think, Ada, that Mrs. Esdaile is at all likely to say anything which would materially affect my course of action. I have given the matter due consideration. The scientific mind is slow at arriving at conclusions, but having once formed them, it is not prone to change. Matrimony is the natural condition of the human race, and indeed of all races save those lower forms of life which preceded the differentiation of sex. I have, as you know, been so engaged in academical and other work, that I have had no time to devote to merely personal questions. It is different now, and I see no valid reason why I should forego this opportunity of seeking a suitable helpmate."

"And you are engaged?"

"Hardly that, Ada. I ventured yesterday to indicate to the lady that I was prepared to submit to the common lot of humanity. I shall wait upon her after my morning lecture, and learn how far my proposals meet with her acquiescence. But you frown, Ada!"

His sister started, and made an effort to conceal her expression of annoyance. She even stammered out some few words of congratulation, but a vacant look had come into her brother's eyes, and he was evidently not listening to her. "Frown," he muttered thoughtfully, — "frown!" Rising from the table, he turned over the pages of a thick volume which lay upon a desk in the window. Then, with a quick, nervous gesture, he drew down his left shirt-cuff, and wrote hurriedly across it. The memorandum was "Frown — what

origin? *Vide* Darwin, 'Expression of Emotions,'—drawing forward of *occipito-frontalis*." His sister waited patiently, for she was accustomed to see him dive down every scientific by-path which led out of the main track of conversation.

"I am sure, John," she said, when he had resumed his seat, "that I wish you the happiness which you deserve. If I hesitated at all, it is because I know how much is at stake, and because the thing is so sudden, so unexpected." Her thin, white hand stole up to the black cross upon her bosom. "These are moments when we need guidance, John. If I could persuade you to turn to spiritual——"

The professor waved the suggestion away with a deprecating hand. "It is useless to reopen that question," he said. "We cannot argue upon it. You assume more than I can grant. I am forced to dispute your premisses. We have no common basis."

His sister sighed. "You have no faith," she said.

"I have faith in those great evolutionary forces which are leading the human race to some unknown but elevated goal."

"You believe in nothing."

"On the contrary, my dear Ada, I believe in the differentiation of protoplasm."

She shook her head sadly. It was the one subject upon which she ventured to dispute her brother's infallibility.

"This is rather beside the question," remarked the professor, folding up his napkin. "If I am not mistaken, there is some possibility of another matrimonial event occurring in the family. Eh, Ada? What!" His small eyes glittered with sly facetiousness as he shot a twinkle at his sister. She sat very stiff and traced patterns upon the cloth with the sugar-tongs.

"Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien——" said the professor sonorously.

"Don't, John, don't!" cried Miss Ainslie Grey.

"Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien," continued her brother inexorably, "is a man who has already made his mark upon the science of the day. He is my first and my most distinguished pupil. I assure you, Ada, that his 'Remarks upon the Bile-Pigments, with special reference to Urobilin,' is likely to live as a classic. It is not too much to say that he has revolutionized our views about urobilin."

He paused, but his sister sat silent, with bent head and flushed cheeks. The little jet cross rose and fell with her hurried breathings.

"Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien has, as you know, the offer of the physiological chair at Melbourne. He has been in Australia five years, and has a brilliant future before him. To-day he leaves us for Edinburgh, and in two months' time he goes out to take over his new duties. You know his feeling towards you. It rests with you as to whether he goes out alone. Speaking for myself, I cannot imagine any higher mission for a woman of culture than to go through life in the company of a man who is capable of such a research as that which Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien has brought to a successful conclusion."

"He has not spoken to me," murmured the lady.

"Ah, there are signs which are more subtle than speech," said her brother, wagging his head. "But you are pale. Your vasomotor system is excited. Your arterioles have contracted." He scribbled again upon his shirt-cuff. "Let me entreat you to compose yourself. I think I hear the carriage. I fancy that you may have a visitor this morning, Ada. You will excuse me now." With a quick glance at the clock he strode off into the hall, and within a few minutes he was rattling in his quiet, well-appointed brougham through the brick-lined streets of Birchespool.

His lecture over, Professor Ainslie Grey paid a visit to his laboratory, where he adjusted several scientific instruments, made a note as to the progress of three separate infusions of bacteria, cut half-a-dozen sections with a microtome, and finally resolved the difficulties of seven different gentlemen, who were pursuing researches in as many separate lines of inquiry. Having thus conscientiously and methodically completed the routine of his duties, he returned to his carriage and ordered the coachman to drive him to the Lindens. His face as he drove was cold and impassive, but he drew his fingers from time to time down his prominent chin with a jerky, twitchy movement.

The Lindens was an old-fashioned ivy-clad house which had once been in the country, but was now caught in the long red-brick feelers of the growing city. It still stood back from the road in the privacy of its own grounds. A winding path, lined with laurel bushes, led to the arched and porticoed entrance. To the right was a lawn, with the long chalk-marks of tennis, but without the net. At the far side of the lawn, under the shadow of a hawthorn, a lady sat in a garden-chair with a book in her hands. At the click of the

gate she started, and the professor, catching sight of her, turned away from the door, and strode across the lawn in her direction.

"What! won't you go in and see Mrs. Esdaile?" she asked, sweeping out from under the shadow of the hawthorn. She was a small woman, strongly feminine, from the rich coils of her light-colored hair to the dainty garden slipper which peeped from under her cream-tinted dress. One tiny, well-gloved hand was outstretched in greeting, while the other pressed a thick, green-covered volume against her side. Her decision and quick, tactful manner bespoke the mature woman of the world; but her upraised face had preserved a girlish and even infantile expression of innocence in its large, fearless grey eyes, and sensitive, humorous mouth. Mrs. O'James was a widow, and she was two-and-thirty years of age; but neither fact could have been deduced from her appearance.

"You will surely go in and see Mrs. Esdaile," she repeated, glancing up at him with eyes which had in them something between a challenge and a caress.

"I did not come to see Mrs. Esdaile," he answered, with no relaxation of his cold and grave manner; "I came to see you."

"I am sure I should be highly honored," she said, with just the slightest little touch of brogue in her accent. "What are the students to do without their professor?"

"I have already completed my academical duties. Take my arm and we shall walk in the sunshine. Surely we cannot wonder that Eastern people should have made a deity of the sun. It is the great beneficent force of nature—man's ally against cold, sterility, and all that is abhorrent to him. What were you reading?"

"Beale's 'Matter and Life.'"

The professor raised his thick eyebrows. "Beale!" he said, and then again in a kind of whisper, "Beale!"

"You differ from him?" she asked.

"It is not I who differ from him. I am only a monad—a thing of no moment. The whole tendency of the highest plane of modern thought differs from him. He defends the indefensible. He is an excellent observer, but a feeble reasoner. I should not recommend you to found your conclusions upon 'Beale.'"

"I must read 'Nature's Chronicle' to counteract his pernicious influence," said Mrs. O'James, with a soft, cooing laugh.

"Nature's Chronicle" was one of the many books in which Professor Ainslie Grey had enforced the negative doctrines of scientific agnosticism.

"It is a faulty work," said he; "I cannot recommend it. I would rather refer you to the standard writings of some of my older and more eloquent colleagues."

There was a pause in their talk as they paced up and down on the green, velvet-like lawn in the genial sunshine.

"Have you thought at all," he asked at last, "of the matter upon which I spoke to you last night?"

She said nothing, but walked by his side with her eyes averted and her face aslant.

"I would not hurry you unduly," he continued. "I know that it is a matter which can scarcely be decided off-hand. In my own case, it cost me some thought before I ventured to make the suggestion. I am not an emotional man, but I am conscious in your presence of the great evolutionary instinct which makes either sex the complement of the other."

"You believe in love, then?" she asked, with a twinkling, upward glance.

"I am forced to."

"And yet you can deny the soul?"

"How far these questions are psychic and how far material is still *sub judice*," said the professor, with an air of toleration. "Protoplasm may prove to be the physical basis of love as well as of life."

"How inflexible you are!" she exclaimed; "you would draw love down to the level of physics."

"Or draw physics up to the level of love."

"Come, that is much better," she cried, with her sympathetic laugh. "That is really very pretty, and puts science in quite a delightful light." Her eyes sparkled, and she tossed her chin with the pretty, wilful air of a woman who is mistress of the situation.

"I have reason to believe," said the professor, "that my position here will prove to be only a stepping-stone to some wider scene of scientific activity. Yet, even here, my chair brings me in some fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is supplemented by a few hundreds from my books. I should therefore be in a position to provide you with those comforts to which you are accustomed. So much for my pecuniary position. As to my constitution, it has always been sound. I have never suffered from any illness in my life, save fleeting attacks of cephalalgia, the result of too prolonged a stimulation of

the centres of cerebration. My father and mother had no sign of any morbid diathesis, but I will not conceal from you that my grandfather was afflicted with podagra."

Mrs. O'James looked startled. "Is that very serious?" she asked.

"It is gout," said the professor.

"Oh, is that all? It sounded much worse than that."

"It is a grave taint, but I trust that I shall not be a victim to atavism. I have laid these facts before you because they are factors which cannot be overlooked in forming your decision. May I ask now whether you see your way to accepting my proposal?" He paused in his walk, and looked earnestly and expectantly down at her.

A struggle was evidently going on in her mind. Her eyes were cast down, her little slipper tapped the lawn, and her fingers played nervously with her chatelain. Suddenly, with a sharp, quick gesture which had in it something of *abandon* and recklessness, she held out her hand to her companion.

"I accept," she said.

They were standing under the shadow of the hawthorn. He stooped gravely down, and kissed her glove-covered fingers.

"I trust that you may never have cause to regret your decision," he said.

"I trust that *you* never may," she cried, with a heaving breast. There were tears in her eyes, and her lips twitched with some strong emotion.

"Come into the sunshine again," said he. "It is the great restorative. Your nerves are shaken. Some little congestion of the medulla and pons. It is always instructive to reduce psychic or emotional conditions to their physical equivalents. You feel that your anchor is still firm in a bottom of ascertained fact."

"But it is so dreadfully unromantic," said Mrs. O'James, with her old twinkle.

"Romance is the offspring of imagination and of ignorance. Where science throws her calm, clear light there is happily no room for romance."

"But is not love romance?" she asked.

"Not at all. Love has been taken away from the poets, and has been brought within the domain of true science. It may prove to be one of the great cosmic elementary forces. When the atom of hydrogen draws the atom of chlorine towards it to form the perfected molecule of hydrochloric acid, the force which it exerts

may be intrinsically similar to that which draws me to you. Attraction and repulsion appear to be the primary forces. This is attraction."

"And here is repulsion," said Mrs. O'James, as a stout, florid lady came sweeping across the lawn in their direction. "So glad you have come out, Mrs. Esdaile! Here is Professor Grey."

"How do you do, professor?" said the lady, with some little pomposity of manner. "You were very wise to stay out here on so lovely a day. Is it not heavenly?"

"It is certainly very fine weather," the professor answered.

"Listen to the wind sighing in the trees!" cried Mrs. Esdaile, holding up one finger. "It is nature's lullaby. Could you not imagine it, Professor Grey, to be the whisperings of angels?"

"The idea had not occurred to me, madam."

"Ah, professor, I have always the same complaint against you. A want of *rapprochement* with the deeper meanings of nature. Shall I say a want of imagination? You do not feel an emotional thrill at the singing of that thrush?"

"I confess that I am not conscious of one, Mrs. Esdaile."

"Or at the delicate tint of that background of leaves? See the rich greens!"

"Chlorophyll," murmured the professor.

"Science is so hopelessly prosaic. It dissects and labels, and loses sight of the great things in its attention to the little ones. You have a poor opinion of woman's intellect, Professor Grey. I think that I have heard you say so."

"It is a question of *avoirdupeis*," said the professor, closing his eyes and shrugging his shoulders. "The female cerebrum averages two ounces less in weight than the male. No doubt there are exceptions. Nature is always elastic."

"But the heaviest thing is not always the strongest," said Mrs. O'James, laughing. "Isn't there a law of compensation in science? May we not hope to make up in quality for what we lack in quantity?"

"I think not," remarked the professor gravely. "But there is your luncheon-gong. No, thank you, Mrs. Esdaile, I cannot stay. My carriage is waiting. Good-bye. Good-bye, Mrs. O'James." He raised his hat and stalked slowly away among the laurel bushes.

"He has no taste," said Mrs. Esdaile — "no eye for beauty."

"On the contrary," Mrs. O'James an-

swered, with a saucy little jerk of the chin. "He has just asked me to be his wife."

## II.

As Professor Ainslie Grey ascended the steps of his house, the hall door opened and a dapper gentleman stepped briskly out. He was somewhat sallow in the face, with beady black eyes, and a short black beard with an aggressive bristle. Thought and work had left their traces upon his face, but he moved with the brisk activity of a man who had not yet bade good-bye to his youth.

"I'm in luck's way," he cried. "I wanted to see you."

"Then come back into the library," said the professor; "you must stay and have lunch with us."

The two men entered the hall, and the professor led the way into his private sanctum. He motioned his companion into an armchair.

"I trust that you have been successful, O'Brien," said he. "I should be loath to exercise any undue pressure upon my sister Ada; but I have given her to understand that there is no one whom I should prefer for a brother-in-law to my most brilliant scholar, the author of 'Some Remarks upon the Bile-Pigments, with special reference to Urobilin.'"

"You are very kind, Professor Grey — you have always been very kind," said the other. "I approached Miss Grey upon the subject; she did not say no."

"She said yes, then?"

"No; she proposed to leave the matter open until my return from Edinburgh. I go to-day, as you know, and I hope to commence my research to-morrow."

"On the comparative anatomy of the vermiform appendix, by James M'Murdo O'Brien," said the professor sonorously. "It is a glorious subject — a subject which lies at the very root of evolutionary philosophy."

"Ah! she is the dearest girl," cried O'Brien, with a sudden little spurt of Celtic enthusiasm — "she is the soul of truth and of honor."

"The vermiform appendix —" began the professor.

"She is an angel from heaven," interrupted the other. "I fear that it is my advocacy of scientific freedom in religious thought which stands in my way with her."

"You must not truckle upon that point. You must be true to your convictions; let there be no compromise there."

"My reason is true to agnosticism, and yet I am conscious of a void — a vacuum. I had feelings at the old church at home between the scent of the incense and the roll of the organ, such as I have never experienced in the laboratory or the lecture-room."

"Sensuous — purely sensuous," said the professor, rubbing his chin. "Vague hereditary tendencies stirred into life by the stimulation of the nasal and auditory nerves."

"Maybe so, maybe so," the younger man answered thoughtfully. "But this was not what I wished to speak to you about. Before I enter your family, your sister and you have a claim to know all that I can tell you about my career. Of my worldly prospects I have already spoken to you. There is only one point which I have omitted to mention. I am a widower."

The professor raised his eyebrows. "This is news indeed," said he.

"I married shortly after my arrival in Australia. Miss Thurston was her name. I met her in society. It was a most unhappy match."

Some painful emotion possessed him. His quick, expressive features quivered, and his white hands tightened upon the arms of the chair. The professor turned away towards the window. "You are the best judge," he remarked; "but I should not think that it was necessary to go into details."

"You have a right to know everything — you and Miss Grey. It is not a matter on which I can well speak to her direct. Poor Jinny was the best of women, but she was open to flattery, and she was liable to be misled by designing persons. She was untrue to me, Grey. It is a hard thing to say of the dead, but she was untrue to me. She fled to Auckland with a man whom she had known before her marriage. The brig which carried them foundered, and not a soul was saved."

"This is very painful, O'Brien," said the professor, with a deprecatory motion of his hand. "I cannot see, however, how it affects your relation to my sister."

"I have eased my conscience," said O'Brien, rising from his chair; "I have told you all that there is to tell. I should not like the story to reach you through any lips but my own."

"You are right, O'Brien. Your action has been most honorable and considerate. But you are not to blame in the matter, save that perhaps you showed a little pre-



citipancy in choosing a life-partner without due care and inquiry."

O'Brien drew his hand across his eyes. "Poor girl!" he cried. "God help me, I love her still! But I must go."

"You will lunch with us?"

"No, professor; I have my packing still to do. I have already bade Miss Grey adieu. In two months I shall see you again."

"You will probably find me a married man."

"Married!"

"Yes, I have been thinking of it."

"My dear professor, let me congratulate you with all my heart. I had no idea. Who is the lady?"

"Mrs. O'James is her name—a widow of the same nationality as yourself. But to return to matters of importance, I should be very happy to see the proofs of your paper upon the vermiform appendix. I may be able to furnish you with material for a footnote or two."

"Your assistance will be invaluable to me," said O'Brien with enthusiasm, and the two men parted in the hall. The professor walked back into the dining-room, where his sister was already seated at the luncheon-table.

"I shall be married at the registrar's," he remarked; "I should strongly recommend you to do the same."

Professor Ainslie Grey was as good as his word. A fortnight's cessation of his classes gave him an opportunity which was too good to let pass. Mrs. O'James was an orphan, without relations and almost without friends in the country. There was no obstacle in the way of a speedy wedding. They were married, accordingly, in the quietest manner possible, and went off to Cambridge together, where the professor and his charming wife were present at several academical observances, and varied the routine of their honeymoon by incursions into biological laboratories and medical libraries. Scientific friends were loud in their congratulations, not only upon Mrs. Grey's beauty, but upon the unusual quickness and intelligence which she displayed in discussing physiological questions. The professor was himself astonished at the accuracy of her information. "You have a remarkable range of knowledge for a woman, Jeanette," he remarked upon more than one occasion. He was even prepared to admit that her cerebrum might be of the normal weight.

One foggy, drizzling morning they re-

turned to Birchespool, for the next day would reopen the session, and Professor Ainslie Grey prided himself upon having never once in his life failed to appear in his lecture-room at the very stroke of the hour. Miss Ada Grey welcomed them with a constrained cordiality, and handed over the keys of office to the new mistress. Mrs. Grey pressed her warmly to remain, but she explained that she had already accepted an invitation which would engage her for some months. The same evening she departed for the south of England.

A couple of days later the maid carried a card just after breakfast into the library where the professor sat revising his morning lecture. It announced the re-arrival of Dr. James M'Murdo O'Brien. Their meeting was effusively genial on the part of the younger man, and coldly precise on that of his former teacher.

"You see there have been changes," said the professor.

"So I heard. Miss Grey told me in her letters, and I read the notice in the *British Medical Journal*. So it's really married you are. How quickly and quietly you have managed it all!"

"I am constitutionally averse to anything in the nature of show or ceremony. My wife is a sensible woman—I may even go the length of saying that, for a woman, she is abnormally sensible. She quite agreed with me in the course which I have adopted."

"And your research on Vallisneria?"

"This matrimonial incident has interrupted it, but I have resumed my classes, and we shall soon be quite in harness again."

"I must see Miss Grey before I leave England. We have corresponded, and I think that all will be well. She must come out with me. I don't think I could go without her."

The professor shook his head.

"Your nature is not so weak as you pretend," he said. "Sexual questions of this sort are, after all, quite subordinate to the great duties of life."

O'Brien smiled. "You would have me take out my Celtic soul and put in a Saxon one," he said. "Either my brain is too small or my heart is too big. But when may I call and pay my respects to Mrs. Grey? Will she be at home this afternoon?"

"She is at home now. Come into the morning-room. She will be glad to make your acquaintance."

They walked across the linoleum-paved hall. The professor opened the door of the room, and walked in, followed by his friend. Mrs. Grey was sitting in a basket-chair by the window, light and fairy-like in a loose-flowing pink morning-gown. Seeing a visitor, she rose and swept towards them. The professor heard a dull thud behind him. O'Brien had fallen back into a chair, with his hand pressed tight to his side. "Jinny!" he gasped,—"Jinny!"

Mrs. Grey stopped dead in her advance, and stared at him with a face from which every expression had been struck out save one of utter astonishment and horror. Then with a sharp intaking of the breath she reeled and would have fallen had the professor not thrown his long, nervous arm round her.

"Try this sofa," said he.

She sank back among the cushions with the same white, cold, dead, look upon her face. The professor stood with his back to the empty fireplace and glanced from the one to the other.

"So, O'Brien," he said at last, "you have already made the acquaintance of my wife?"

"Your wife!" cried his friend hoarsely. "She is no wife of yours. God help me, she is my wife!"

The professor stood rigidly upon the hearth-rug. His long, thin fingers were intertwined, and his head had sunk a little forward. His two companions had eyes only for each other.

"Jinny!" said he.

"James!"

"How could you leave me so, Jinny? How could you have the heart to do it? I thought you were dead. I mourned for your death—ay, and you made me mourn for you living. You have withered my life."

She made no answer, but lay back among the cushions with her eyes still fixed upon him.

"Why do you not speak?"

"Because you are right, James. I have treated you cruelly—shamefully. But it is not as bad as you think."

"You fled with De Horta."

"No, I did not. At the last moment my better nature prevailed. He went alone. But I was ashamed to come back after what I had written to you. I could not face you. I took passage alone to England under a new name, and here I have lived ever since. It seemed to me that I was beginning life again. I knew

that you thought I was drowned. Who could have dreamed that fate would throw us together again! When the professor asked me——" She stopped and gave a gasp for breath.

"You are faint," said the professor,—"keep the head low; it aids the cerebral circulation." He flattened down the cushion. "I am sorry to leave you, O'Brien; but I have my class duties to look to. Possibly I may find you here when I return." With a grim and rigid face he strode out of the room. Not one of the three hundred students who listened to his lecture saw any change in his manner and appearance, or could have guessed that the austere gentleman in front of them had found out at last how hard it is to rise above one's humanity. The lecture over, he performed his routine duties in the laboratory, and then drove back to his own house. He did not enter by the front door, but passed through the garden to the folding glass casement which led out of the morning-room. As he approached he heard his wife's voice and O'Brien's in loud and animated talk. He paused among the rose-bushes, uncertain whether to interrupt them or no. Nothing was further from his nature than to play the eavesdropper; but as he stood, still hesitating, words fell upon his ear which struck him rigid and motionless.

"You are still my wife, Jinny," said O'Brien; "I forgive you from the bottom of my heart. I love you, and I have never ceased to love you, though you had forgotten me."

"No, James, my heart was always in Melbourne. I have always been yours. I thought that it was better for you that I should seem to be dead."

"You must choose between us now, Jinny. If you determine to remain here, I shall not open my lips. There shall be no scandal. If, on the other hand, you come with me, it's little I care about the world's opinion. Perhaps I am as much to blame as you. I thought too much of my work and too little of my wife."

The professor heard the cooing, caressing laugh which he knew so well.

"I shall go with you, James," she said.

"And the professor——"

"The poor professor! But he will not mind much, James; he has no heart."

"We must tell him our resolution."

"There is no need," said Professor Ainslie Grey, stepping in through the open casement. "I have overheard the latter part of your conversation. I hesi-

tated to interrupt you before you came to a conclusion."

O'Brien stretched out his hand and took that of the woman. They stood together with the sunshine on their faces. The professor stood on the casement with his hands behind his back, and his long, black shadow fell between them.

"You have come to a wise decision," said he. "Go back to Australia together, and let what has passed be blotted out of your lives."

"But you — you —" stammered O'Brien.

The professor waved his hand. "Never trouble about me," he said.

The woman gave a gasping cry. "What can I do or say?" she wailed. "How could I have foreseen this? I thought my old life was dead. But it has come back again, with all its hopes and its desires. What can I say to you, Ainslie? I have brought shame and disgrace upon a worthy man. I have blasted your life. How you must hate and loathe me! I wish to God that I had never been born!"

"I neither hate nor loathe you, Jeannette," said the professor quietly. "You are wrong in regretting your birth, for you have a worthy mission before you in aiding the life-work of a man who has shown himself capable of the highest order of scientific research. I cannot with justice blame you personally for what has occurred. How far the individual monad is to be held responsible for hereditary and engrained tendencies, is a question upon which science has not yet said her last word."

He stood with his finger-tips touching, and his body inclined as one who is gravely expounding a difficult and impersonal subject. O'Brien had stepped forward to say something, but the other's attitude and manner froze the words upon his lips. Condolence or sympathy would be an impertinence to one who could so easily merge his private griefs in broad questions of abstract philosophy.

"It is needless to prolong the situation," the professor continued in the same measured tones. "My brougham stands at the door. I beg that you will use it as your own. Perhaps it would be as well that you should leave the town without unnecessary delay. Your things, Jeannette, shall be forwarded."

O'Brien hesitated with a hanging head. "I hardly dare offer you my hand," he said.

"On the contrary, I think that of the

three of us you come best out of the affair. You have nothing to be ashamed of."

"Your sister——"

"I shall see that the matter is put to her in its true light. Good-bye! Let me have a copy of your recent research. Good-bye, Jeannette!"

"Good-bye!" Their hands met, and for one short moment their eyes also. It was only a glance, but for the first and last time a woman's intuition cast a light for itself into the dark places of a strong man's soul. She gave a little gasp, and her other hand rested for an instant, as white and as light as thistle-down, upon his shoulder.

"James, James!" she cried. "Don't you see that he is stricken to the heart?"

He smiled gently and turned her quietly away from him. "It is a little sudden," he said. "But I am not an emotional man. I have my duties — my research on Vallisneria. The brougham is there. Your cloak is in the hall. Tell John where you wish to be driven. He will bring you any things you need. Now go." His last two words were so sudden, so volcanic, in such contrast to his measured voice and mask-like face, that they swept the two away from him. He closed the door behind them and paced slowly up and down the room. Then he passed into the library and looked out over the wire blind. The carriage was rolling away. He caught a last glimpse of the woman who had been his wife. He saw the feminine droop of her head, and the long curve of her beautiful arm.

"She is weeping," he muttered. "She is sorry to leave me." Then he pulled down his left cuff and scribbled a memorandum. It was: "Influence of emotion upon the lachrymal secretion — how and why?"

### III.

THERE was little scandal about this singular domestic incident. The professor had few personal friends, and seldom went into society. His marriage had been so quiet that most of his colleagues had never ceased to regard him as a bachelor. Mrs. Esdaile and a few others might talk, but their field for gossip was limited, for they could only guess vaguely at the cause of this sudden separation.

The professor was as punctual as ever at his classes, and as zealous in directing the laboratory work of those who studied under him. His own private researches were pushed on with feverish energy. It

was no uncommon thing for his servants, when they came down of a morning, to hear the shrill scratchings of his tireless pen, or to meet him on the staircase as he ascended, grey and silent, to his room. In vain his friends assured him that such a life must undermine his health. He lengthened his hours until day and night were one long, ceaseless task.

Gradually under this discipline a change came over his appearance. His features, always inclined to gauntness, became even sharper and more pronounced. There were deep lines about his temples and across his brow. His cheek was sunken and his complexion bloodless. His knees gave under him when he walked; and once when passing out of his lecture-room he fell and had to be assisted to his carriage.

This was just before the end of the session; and soon after the holidays commenced, the professors who still remained in Birchespool were shocked to hear that their brother of the chair of physiology had sunk so low that no hopes could be entertained of his recovery. Two eminent physicians had consulted over his case without being able to give a name to the affection from which he suffered. A steadily decreasing vitality appeared to be the only symptom—a bodily weakness which left the mind unclouded. He was much interested himself in his own case, and made notes of his subjective sensations as an aid to diagnosis. Of his approaching end he spoke in his usual unemotional and somewhat pedantic fashion. "It is the assertion," he said, "of the liberty of the individual cell as opposed to the cell-commune. It is the dissolution of a co-operative society. The process is one of great interest."

And so one grey morning his co-operative society dissolved. Very quietly and softly he sank into his eternal sleep. His two physicians felt some slight embarrassment when called upon to fill in his certificate.

"It is difficult to give it a name," said one.

"Very," said the other.

"If he were not such an unemotional man, I should have said that he had died from some sudden nervous shock—from, in fact, what the vulgar would call a broken heart."

"I don't think poor Grey was that sort of a man at all."

"Let us call it cardiac, anyhow," said the older physician. So they did so.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
IN CEYLON.

These stones—alas! these grey stones . . . left to Time  
By buried centuries of pomp and power!

SERENDIB of the Arabs, Elengy of the Tamils, Lanka of the Singhalese, Ceylon of the English—what a charm has history woven around its name! The pious Mahomedan finds in it the site of the Garden of Eden; in testimony whereof witness, ye heretics, our first parent's foot-print, plainly to be discerned upon the summit of Adam's Peak! King Solomon was probably acquainted with its stores of wealth, and drew from Ophir—the modern Newera Ellia—gold, precious stones, ivory, apes, and peacocks, which were brought from the interior to the coast and shipped from Tarshish—now known as Point de Galle.

Its sons were well skilled in art ere Nineveh was destroyed. Pilgrims with weary steps ascended Mahintale's sacred hill, and devotees worshipped at the Thuparamya dagoba, when Carthage was in her prime. Before Ptolemy founded the great Alexandrian Library Devenipiatissa, "the beloved of the saints," had embraced the Buddhist religion, planted the sacred Bo-tree, and erected with pious zeal for the honor of his master eighty thousand temples. Whilst the ancient Britons wandered about in scattered tribes among the swamps and tangled forests of our island, the walls of Anuradhapoora enclosed a city twelve miles square. The land was highly cultivated by an extensive system of irrigation, the plains were covered with crops of rice and maize, populous villages climbed the mountain sides, domes and minarets crowned the hilltops; in numbers, knowledge, and riches the country increased and prospered.

Then the Tamils from the neighboring coast of Hindostan completely subjugated the island; it was recaptured by the Singhalese, and followed various changes of fortune until, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it fell under the cruel dominion of the Portuguese. Half a century later the Dutch were masters of the soil and enjoyed a monopoly of the coveted cinnamon gardens. Since then, for nearly two hundred years, the Union Jack has waved above the fortifications of Mynheer, at Galle and Jafnapatam; British soldiers guard the capital of the old Kandian kings, and British sailors man the fleet that rides at anchor in Trincomalee's beautiful bay.

Although its "spicy breezes" exist

mainly in the imagination, Ceylon may fairly hold her place as the "Garden of the World," for the country is clothed with a luxuriant tropical vegetation, from the summit of Pedrotallagala, enthroned above the clouds, to where in the Indian Ocean are lost the winding waters of the Mahawelliganga.

It is a land of waving palms and luscious fruits, of sapphires and rubies and pearls — where the sunbeams reflect the brilliant hues of humming-bird and paroquet, and in the cool recesses of primeval forests the timid elephant luxuriates in his bath; a land rich in ruins and antiquities which afford ample testimony to its former greatness — peopled by a dusky race invested with all the mystery of venerable antiquity, speaking the most ancient of languages, instructed in one of the oldest religions, and still holding tenaciously the traditions and superstitions of their fathers.

The poet who, enumerating the felicities of Heaven, joyfully anticipated

No clouded sun, no changing moon,  
But sacred high eternal noon,

was not a resident of Trincomalee, for Trincomalee enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the hottest place in the world. Even in the early morning I found the climate uncomfortably warm, as entering the outer harbor, a bay five miles in breadth, the little vessel which bore me steered for the inner one — a series of lagoons — and cast anchor just off the shore; for so deep is the water that the largest craft can come close up to the shore and discharge their cargoes without the aid of boats.

Perhaps there is no haven comparable to Trincomalee, for a fleet of the largest ironclads could ride there in perfect safety, and it can be entered when the north-east or south-west monsoon is blowing.

It is remarkable, too, for the beauty of its scenery. Completely land-locked, it is surrounded with greenery, for in the farther distance feathery palm-trees raise their graceful heads above the jungle, which with a rich growth of perennial verdure clothes the shores, and where the mangrove bushes dip their foliage in the deep-blue water, the glassy surface reflects trees, jungle, bushes, as in a mirror, the cloudless sky arching over all.

Landing, one finds a sprinkling of native dwellings, some poor bazaars, a few government houses, and a dockyard little used. Two forts, Ostenburg and Freder-

ick, afford insufficient protection to a place which seems to have been designed by nature for a mighty emporium of the world's commerce. Save for the few European residents, meagre garrison, and yearly visit of the fleet, Trincomalee lies neglected and abandoned. So deserted is both town and neighborhood that wild animals come into it from the surrounding jungle, and monkeys help themselves to garden fruit.

Lounging comfortably in the rest-house — or hotel — I thought out at my leisure the details of a proposed trip to the ruined city of Anauradhapoor — the old capital of the Singhalese kings — in the almost uninhabited interior. This involved four days in the jungle, the carrying of provisions, and the risk of monsoon rain, which, long delayed, might at any time fall in torrents. Having weighed carefully the *pros* and *cons* I decided to go, and bargained with two Tamils, the one to act as driver, the other as cook; and for a stipulated sum they agreed to furnish me with a conveyance and food for the whole journey. It was arranged to start at daybreak the next morning.

I appeared to be the only guest at the rest-house, which was a large, rambling building with verandahs running round it.

Taking my little lamp with its floating light, I went up to my bedroom; like the other rooms, it opened only from the verandah, which was protected by light trellis-work. There was no door; folding shutters occupied the centre of the doorway, with a two-foot aperture above and below. Leaving the lamp burning, I went down-stairs for a book, and returning after some minutes' absence, I was just pushing open the folding shutters, when some big creature dashed out of the room, nearly upsetting me, fled down the verandah and bounded into space.

Considerably startled, I peeped cautiously into the bedroom — everything quiet, nothing disarranged. I raised my lamp and made a careful examination, including in it the verandah. The trellis-work at the end was broken, a big hole being left by the passage of my midnight intruder — a wild-cat perhaps, or an inquisitive monkey, whose curiosity had been aroused by the light.

Whatever it was, it had disappeared; but I was sorry that there was no door that I could fasten, and the space under the shutters was too large to block. I must risk the reappearance of my unwelcome visitor. I put my knife by my pillow, and undressing as quickly as possible,



extinguished the lamp. I lay awake for some time watching and listening,

But the silence was unbroken,  
And the stillness gave no token,

and I slept undisturbed until nearly day-break.

At five o'clock my equipage was announced—a native two-wheeled cart without springs, built of the wood of the cocoa-nut palm, the broad leaves interlaced forming a roof, excellent for shade, but unreliable as a protection from the rain. Within, strewn leaves made a seat by day, a couch by night.

A quantity of necessary impedimenta were slung beneath the cart. Item: a large bag of rice and some loaves of bread. Item: two coops containing a number of live fowls. Item: a great pot, a couple of chatties, and a few cooking utensils. Besides these provisions I carried a small private hoard: a flask of brandy, a bottle of doubtful port wine, a tin of cocoa, a pot of jam. The cart was drawn by two bullocks, yoked together, the reins passing through their nostrils.

Of my two servants, the driver was the more distinguished, as became his maturer years. The cook did not lean to the side of extravagance in dress—it consisted only of an ancient strip of cloth round his loins; whereas his elder wore in addition a venerable wisp of ragged fringed shawl over his shoulders, and a dirty cloth wound about his head added importance to his stature. Both wore gold earrings, and the liberal use of oil, with which their black skins shone, amply compensated for the dirt beneath.

In point of linguistic accomplishments my driver was first, I second, and the cook a bad third, as he—poor fellow!—knew only his own language. I stood firmly by one word of the greatest usefulness, viz., *shurika*—make haste—whilst the driver proudly addressed me as “sare,” and could say “yes” and “no.” With regard to two words we met on common ground—the one “currie,” the other “cheroot,” for our word comes from the Tamil verb *cherooto*—to roll, together—referring to the manipulation of the tobacco-leaf.

Dressed in a flannel shirt and trousers, with a light helmet on my head, and white umbrella in my hand to protect me from the sun, I led the van on foot. Kangaroo leggings served me as a protection against land-leeches, whose terrible attack on the traveller through the jungle is only made known by the blood trickling down his legs. So small as to be unnoticed, these

little pests scent the wayfarer afar off, and springing upon him in dozens crawl up his extremities and fasten on his flesh. Any attempt to pull them off makes them cling the tighter, but they are amenable to tobacco smoke.

On leaving the town we at once struck into the jungle, and traversed a hot and dusty road, at the rate of two and a half miles an hour. We had gone but a short distance when I turned out of the beaten track, and, with my driver as guide, visited the hot medicinal springs of Kanea. The water bubbles out of holes in the ground, and the springs were watched by a solitary native who sat in silence on the ground—the presiding genius of the place.

Living fish have been actually found here—a carp at a temperature of 114° and a roach at 122° Fahr. These are not the only Ceylon fish of singular habits, for there is one small species which often leaves the water and climbs over rocks and ascends shrubs in search of food. There is the travelling fish—a kind of perch—which will exchange one pool for another; and, as the pigeon or bee directs its flight by some peculiar sense, so can this fish detect the presence of water, which it will journey a long distance over land sometimes to reach. These fish prefer to travel in the early morning when the dew is on the grass, but in cases of emergency have been seen in large numbers toiling along in the sun over a hot and dusty road. The burying fish is another oddity, for when a pool begins to dry up it buries itself for a foot and a half below the surface of the ground, and there in a torpid condition awaits the next rain-fall.

As we proceeded on our way the sun grew more and more vertical, and it was so oppressively hot that I was thankful when at half past eleven we drove aside into the forest and turned the bullocks loose to graze.

Fixing up my umbrella and travelling-rug in the branches of some trees as an awning, I lay beneath the refreshing shade awaiting dinner, which, like my supper, consisted of curried rice, and took an hour to prepare.

At half past one we resumed our leisurely advance, and continued without meeting a single soul until close upon six o'clock, when we reached the borders of a ruined tank—one of those stupendous works for the irrigation of the land in whose construction the Singhalese were so proficient.

A solitary building—the rest-house—stood on the margin, and the solitary na-

tive occupant came forth shaking with ague. Approaching me, he pointed to himself, then to the house, and gave his head a more pronounced shake. I thoroughly concurred in the implied negative and preferred to remain where I was. Suddenly

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,  
At one stride comes the dark,

for here there is no twilight. Very soon a fire was burning and my men were occupied in preparing my curried chicken. The flickering light shone picturesquely on their dusky forms, as, squatting one on each side of the big pot, which was hung from three sticks, they every now and then dipped in their dirty fingers to feel the softening rice. A mist of poisonous miasma, of which the ague was the result, brooded over the surface of the lake, and when at last I began my dinner the impure water lent its baneful influence to currie and cocoa. The meal ended, my men stretched themselves on the ground, and I, making myself as comfortable as the tormenting mosquitoes would let me on my leafy bed, was lulled into snatches of sleep by the hideous croakings of innumerable frogs and the splash of alligators.

At four in the morning we set off again, after I had breakfasted on bananas, bread, and cocoa. In two hours we reached another ruined tank, and I bathed, keeping a wary eye for alligators, which swarm wherever there is water.

And now our track was difficult to follow, leading over ledges of rock or through deep sand, in which the wheels sometimes stuck fast. Once, on turning a sudden bend in the road, I startled a native, who fled before me with wild cries and gesticulations, and disappeared in the forest. He belonged to the outcast race of Vedahs, and he evidently wished to warn me against the contamination of his proximity. These poor creatures inhabit the densest jungle. They have no direct dealing with other castes, but bring what they have caught by hunting and lay it down in a well-known place, with some simple guide as to the things they want in exchange, and then return by night to fetch them. For food they eat berries and what they shoot in the woods with bow and arrow. In drawing the bow they sit on the ground; one hand is occupied with the string, the other with the bow; whilst the arrow is guided between the great and next toe of one foot. They cannot count beyond five, and some of them

appear to have no language beyond grunts and signs. They seem to have no laws, no religion, no arts, no sports, and are more degraded than most savages.

We were now in the heart of the jungle; on either side stretched the primeval forest. The mahogany-tree, the hard-wooded teak, the ebony — whose heart alone is black — the fig, and many other giants of the woods stood, garlanded with parasitic creepers, some as thick as a ship's cable, others of slender form, but all bright with lovely flowers. Strange nests hung from the branches, and humming-birds and parquets of gorgeous plumage flitted among the trees. Sometimes hyenas or deer scampered away at our approach; and monkeys, running across the path, climbed the trees and swung themselves from bough to bough. Exquisite butterflies danced in the sunlight, and in one place impeded our progress, for the ground was so thick with them, and they kept rising in such clouds before the eyes of the bewildered bullocks, that we had to chase them from the road before the cart could advance. No sound was heard but the shrill cry of the cicada — or knife-grinder — a kind of huge grasshopper with a rasp on its hinder legs and a file on each side of its body; by rubbing the one against the other a singular sound is produced, which by multiplication becomes astonishing. Once when we bivouacked close to a native village we were disturbed by elephants, but the villagers turned out in large numbers and scared them away with shouts, shrieks, and the beating of tom-toms. Water was scarce, for the earth was baked and the heavens were as brass.

At noon on the fourth day we came to a steep and jungle-covered hill which rose a thousand feet above the surrounding level country — the sacred hill of Mahintale. A flight of steps fifteen feet broad, one thousand eight hundred and forty in number, lead up the precipitous face of the rock. These are ascended by the devout pilgrim on hands and knees with a prayer at every step, and by the undevout heretic with less pious language. In the shade of the jungle below the thermometer marks 110° Fahrenheit; on the steps it might be, judging from one's feelings, 1,000,010°, for there is no shelter, and the blazing sunshine is reflected from their whiteness, and the atmosphere glows with fervent heat. Faint, perspiring at every pore, up and up one drags one's weary limbs, but when at last the summit is gained weariness vanishes in the marvellous scene spread beneath. There is no

other hill to interrupt the sight, which ranges from sea to sea, the whole breadth of Ceylon being comprehended in the view. It is a vast expanse of jungle, with every shade of green in every variety of foliage, but the eye is attracted more perhaps by the remains of the gigantic artificial lake of Kalaweva, with the sunlight flashing on its waters, and the dagobas, seven miles distant, that still tower in ruins above the tree-tops, and indicate the site of the once royal city of Anauradhapoor. Long grass, creeping plants, trees and their parasitic growths run riot amidst the massive blocks of stone, the carved capitals, the splintered columns, which mark the road thither. The whole distance was once covered with a carpet by one of the Singhalese kings, that pilgrims might go with unwashed feet from Anauradhapoor to worship at the Etvihara dagoba which crowns the summit of Mahintale. This word *dagoba* comes from *deha* (the body) and *gopa* (that which preserves), because they are shrines raised over the sacred relics of Buddha.

The Etvihara is a semicircular pile of brickwork one hundred feet high, built over a single hair from the great teacher's forehead.

Many are the inscriptions graven in the sacred rock of Mahintale. Among them is one containing a list of the official staff belonging to the temple. It includes a secretary, a painter, a treasurer, a surgeon, a physician, twelve cooks, twelve thatchers, ten carpenters, six carters, and two florists. The last mentioned must have had a busy time, for flowers enter largely into Buddhist worship, and on one occasion the entire hill of Mahintale was completely buried beneath heaps of jessamine. Six and a half millions of sweet-scented flowers were offered by one of the devout kings at a single shrine in Anauradhapoor.

Yoking the bullocks to the cart, we resumed our journey and reached the city late in the afternoon. I was up betimes the next morning, and, with a native as a guide, gave the whole day to sight-seeing and exploration.

During ten centuries Anauradhapoor continued the capital of Ceylon, and it is said by Fergusson that "alone of all Buddhist cities it contains something like a complete series of the remains of its greatness during that period." There are seven dome-shaped topes or dagobas, a monastery, and the sacred Bo-tree. Of the monastery, called the Maha Lowa Paya—or Brazen Palace—the sole remains

are the sixteen hundred pillars, twelve feet high, which formed the first story. Close to the monastery is a large enclosure, entered by a rather imposing doorway, decorated with specimens of old Singhalese carving—the porch of the temple. Within the enclosure a small pyramid rises in three terraces to a height of over thirty feet, and out of the midst grows the sacred Bo-tree—a kind of fig—which, as prophesied, is always green, never growing nor decaying. Carefully propped by numerous supports, the tree has every appearance of the venerable age which distinguishes it as the oldest historical tree in the world. It was planted 288 years B.C., and was raised from a branch of the fig-tree under which Gotama reclined when he became Buddha. Each monarch of Ceylon seems to have vied with his predecessor in displaying his zeal for the welfare of the "Victorious, Illustrious, Supreme Lord, the Sacred Bo-tree," and faithful record has been kept of all the chief events in its history, which forms an unbroken chain. Thus, 136 B.C., King Bahyatisa, in honor of the pre eminent Bo-tree, celebrated annually, without intermission, the solemn festival of watering it. Another king, A.D. 62, "caused exquisite statues to be formed of the four Buddhas, of their exact stature, and built an edifice to contain them near the delightful Bo-tree." One who writes 478 years after Christ says, after describing the ceremony of planting it: "Thus the monarch of the forest, endowed with miraculous powers, has stood for ages in the delightful Mahamego garden in Lanka, promoting the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants and the propagation of true religion."

Of the dagobas, the smallest, but the most perfect and the most celebrated, is the Thuparamya, a relic shrine built 250 years B.C. to contain the right jaw of Buddha. To quote again from Fergusson: "It belongs to the most interesting period of Buddhist history, and is older than anything existing on the continent of India, so far as we at present know, and there is every reason to suppose that it now exists as nearly as may be in the form in which it was originally designed." It is of elegant bell-shape, and is surrounded by tall, slender monoliths of granite, octagonal in form, with very pretty ornamental capitals carved with the figure of the hansa, or sacred goose. The worship of this bird is common to many countries, probably owing to its annual migration to unknown lands. In Egypt the god Seb was inti-

mately associated with the goose, and is often figured with a goose on his head. In the same country a temple has been found bearing upon it the dedicatory inscription, "The good goose greatly beloved."

That night I was the only occupant of the rest-house, an isolated building consisting of one room, furnished only with the framework of a bedstead, for almost totally deserted is this once famous city. Its cloud-capped towers, its gorgeous palaces, its solemn temples, are crumbling into dust. The home site of a once prosperous and happy people is now the haunt of the hyena, and the sanctity of the shrines is profaned by the panther and the bear!

Its size may be estimated by the fortified wall which encircled it, forty feet in height and nearly fifty miles — as far as from London to Basingstoke — in length. It had four main thoroughfares — north, south, east, and west streets — approached through gates at which guards were stationed day and night. Each street was broad, straight, and perfectly level, bordered by shady trees. The road was sprinkled with fair white sand, and the sidewalks with blue — thus deadening sounds and lightening by its cleanliness the work of the scavengers. At regular intervals were set up beautiful statues, and between each grotesque figures, painted in various colors, held lamps in their outstretched hands. The houses were of two stories, built of brick, with double gates in front. The residences of the nobles, magistrates, and foreign merchants were distinguished by their size, rich ornamentation, and the gardens surrounding them, tastefully laid out with beds of sweet-smelling flowers, and shaded by varieties of palms. Within the houses rich woollen carpets, woven in gay colors, covered the floors; there were raised seats, curiously carved chairs, and the many articles for use and ornament were inlaid with ivory and precious stones; polished metal lamps hung from the ceilings, and handsome painted cloths covered the walls.

The crowds in the streets varied in race and dress. Buddhist priests predominated, their heads shaven and bare, clothed in the notable yellow robe. Three garments only were allowed them, for which the cotton must be picked at sunrise, cleaned, spun, woven, dyed yellow, and finished before sunset.

The appearance of the male Singhalese then, as at the present day, was peculiar,

for the hair was drawn back from the forehead *à l'impératrice*, and secured with a tortoise-shell comb, whilst the back hair was rolled into a coil and fastened by another comb, giving quite a feminine appearance. Their dress consisted of a garment of many colors wound round the waist and reaching to the feet. The better class wore in addition a black cloth jacket over a shirt. Among the lowest class were water-carriers and bearers of miscellaneous goods suspended from a pinga, or yoke, carried over the shoulder like the ancient Egyptians. These men had only a cloth round the waist. Then there were Tamils, of darker skin than the Singhalese, wearing turbans on their heads, Parsees, Moors, Chinese, Malays, and richly dressed nobles attended by servants carrying large leaf fans to shield them from the sun. And then — ill-omened sight — Tamil soldiers, mercenaries, with spears, swords, and bows, whose numbers were gradually added to, until, feeling themselves sufficiently strong, they rose against their employers, conquered the kingdom, and sowed the seeds of disruption and decay.

The streets were spanned by arches dressed with flags, and beneath them passed in continuous succession a double row of little bullock carts, stately elephants with howdahs full of people on their backs, and two, three, and four-horse chariots, horses and bullocks being driven by reins passed through their nostrils. Here were musicians, making more noise than music with clank-shells, horns, and different kinds of drums; there a juggler amused the people by feats of strength, as when he threw a large cocoa-nut high into the air and deftly caught and broke it as it descended on his thick skull, or by feats of skill, as when with a sharp sword and a dexterous turn of the wrist he divided an orange completely in two on the outstretched palm of the hand of one of the passers-by. Then there were nautch-girls in spangled dresses who danced to the sound of the tambourine, walkers on stilts, and charmers of deadly snakes.

The bazaars were crowded like the streets; piles of luscious fruits tempted the thirsty soul; heaps of rice and maize lured the thrifty housewife. Some stalls displayed articles beautifully carved in wood or ivory, ebony inlaid with ivory or mother-of-pearl, and ornaments made of the quills of the "fretful" porcupine. In other stalls were silken fabrics, shawls, and costly cloths. Here were cunning workmen in brass, and there potters turn-

ing chatties and other vessels, ornamental and useful. Everywhere merchants sitting cross-legged among their wares, surrounded by eager purchasers, chaffering often over the value of the tiniest coin's-worth.

There were numerous temples for the worship of Buddha, Brahma, Siveh, Vishnu, Fire; and halls for preaching were in every street. Schools and colleges diffused information among the people, for whom recreation was provided by places of amusement. There were hospitals for animals as well as human beings, public gardens, and baths. Down the gutters of the roads ran streams of pure water, which were supplied, as were the drinking-fountains, from the tank of Kalaweva. This huge, artificial lake had a circuit of forty miles; its bund or embankment was formed of enormous blocks of granite twenty to thirty feet long, with an ornamental parapet. Some idea is gained of the stupendous labor involved in this mighty work from the fact that the stones were dressed with iron tools at far-distant quarries, and from thence dragged to their final resting-place, and that the earth used for the embankment was all brought in single basketfuls carried on men's heads.

Unlike our modern cities, which are poisoned with exhalations from factory and furnace, the atmosphere of Anauradhapooora was full of the fragrance of flowers. In place of chimney-smoke was breathed air laden with the sweet smell of champak and jessamine from acres of surrounding gardens, where flowers were grown for the service of the temples.

Among all the glittering domes and spires and palaces there was one building which, by its rich coloring, fantastic ornaments, and dazzling roof, might have been singled out as the greatest wonder of the East—the monastery. Its principal entrance was reached by a flight of steps carved in various devices, whilst large, upright stones on either side bore representations of the seven-headed cobra—the emblem of protection. On a foundation of sixteen hundred granite pillars was built a substantial floor of heavy timbers, and above this rose eight more stories to a great height and in the form of a Chinese pagoda. The topmost roof of polished brass—from which the building was named—shone brightly in the glaring sunlight.

The lower roofs were painted blue, and their eaves, slightly turned upward at the ends, projected twenty feet beyond the building, supported by huge, grotesque

figures. The walls were red and yellow, and every niche and space was crowded with gods and devils in bright red, yellow, blue, and gilt. A door of satin-wood, carved with scenes from the life of Buddha, led into the great hall, where the floor was covered with carpets so thick that at each step the feet sank into the velvet pile, whereon were placed couches of costly cloth or silk on golden frames. The ceiling was painted blue, barred with red, supported on pillars of solid gold, whose bases rested on lions, tigers, monkeys, and other animals in life-like attitudes. Around the red and yellow walls ran a deep border of pearls.

When the rays of the sun slanted through the long windows the walls blazed with splendor, and hidden colors stole radiantly forth from the facet of each gem, so that a warm and rainbow-tinted light illumined the centre of the hall, where stood an ivory throne, having on one side the sun in gold, and on the other the moon in silver, whilst above it glittered the imperial chetta—the white canopy of dominion. The rooms of the monastery numbered upwards of ten thousand, all splendidly and variously decorated. In most the walls were covered with beads of different colors, which shone like gems. So magnificent were the appointments, down to the minutest detail, that in the kitchen even the ladle of the rice boiler was made of gold. The sole tenants of this royal abode were yellow-robed priests, whose poverty was in strange contrast with their surroundings.

Such was Anauradhapooora in the noon-tide of its splendor, and when the bustle of the day, its toils and its pleasures were over, the moon looked down upon a host of twinkling lights like earthly reflections of the quiet stars, when no sounds were audible but the tinkling of the golden vesper bells. Imagination pictures the devout congregation of worshippers gathered at one of the sacred shrines, the soft light of the colored lamps, the sweet scent of the jessamine, the solemn hush of night, and the priest veiled from sight teaching the grand truths of him who "for their sakes became poor," in words such as Edwin Arnold has so beautifully rendered into poetry:—

Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay  
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none  
By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;  
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

A. E. BONSER.



From Temple Bar.

## JOHN BULL ABROAD.

IN the "Scenes de la vie de Bohème" of Murger, there is an amusing sketch, from a Parisian point of view, of the Englishman abroad fifty years ago. He is the typical *milord* of French comedy, who wears extraordinary garments, interlards his conversation with numerous expletives, has a bottomless purse, and gratifies every whim regardless of the cost, as, for instance, when he converts his salon into a swimming-bath, and plants an oyster-bed on the parquet; he is *triste*, prudish, and *gauche* to a degree, and his pronunciation of the few words of *français en vingt-cinq leçons* which he employs, is quaintly perverse and ludicrous.

Caricature, of course, is not portraiture, but nevertheless it must possess sufficient similarity to its object to be recognizable, and it must avoid too gross an exaggeration which would be manifest to beholders and detract from its force. Some consideration, also, must be paid to the spirit in which it is drawn, and in the instance quoted it is necessary to remember that there is no intended discredit to the whimsical "M. Birn'm" who is, on the contrary, represented in a kindly light as doing a considerable service to Schaunard, the immortal *confrère* and boon companion of Murger. The sketch may therefore be accepted as a fairly accurate delineation, not of the Englishman as he actually was, but of the French conception of him at that time. It is only necessary to trace him through the pages of M. Taine down to the novelists of the present day, to discover how this idea has almost passed away and undergone an entire change; Malot, Halévy, Ohnet, Bourget, all emphasize the transformation. In one of his latest works—a series of sketches entitled "Profils Perdus"—M. Bourget relates that he meets an Oxford undergraduate *qui parlait français comme vous et moi*, and proceeds to give a very flattering description of this young man who was *républicain, athlète, vierge*. In the same volume is an account of a French girl who falls in love with an Englishman, and here again the description of the Englishman is most flattering. Malot represents him as a young baronet who is a thorough Parisian, the *habitué* of the clubs, the racecourses, the *monde* and *demi-monde*—in all respects like the young Frenchmen around him, and speaking French with such correctness that it is specially remarked, when he engages in an altercation with the hero of the novel,

that he has recourse to his own language because his anger for the moment robs him of his linguistic powers.

Such is the change, then, in his portrait, which evidently points to a corresponding change in his habits, and to a more accurate estimate of him among foreign nations. But though this portrait represents the general continental idea of him at present, there are two considerations connected with it which must carry some weight: first, it is a portrait of one of a special class—the upper ten; and secondly, it is essentially French. It marks a distinct epoch in the intimacy between the two nations that clever novelists, who have gained the ear of French society, should draw such a character, evidently believing themselves, and expecting their public to recognize that their delineation is correct; but though we gather from them a French opinion, we are as far away as before from an English analysis, for there are many small peculiarities and customs which an Englishman would note immediately in his fellow-countrymen, but which might very easily escape the eye of the most observant Frenchman; the French portraits prove conclusively that John Bull is more cosmopolitan than he was, but it needs English spectacles to detect wherein the difference lies.

Undoubtedly one of the chief factors which have combined to bring about this change of foreign opinion has been the greater *rapprochement* between this country and the Continent, owing to increased facilities for intercommunication, which have enabled a larger number of Englishmen to visit the mainland of Europe, and a larger number of Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans to become acquainted with what they were accustomed to regard as the land of fogs and gloom. Another reason for our greater popularity may perhaps be found in our delightful fatuity (as it seems to them, at least) with regard to free trade, for, so long as the goose will lay golden eggs, he who gathers them will be quite willing to call the sapient bird a swan. A third reason unquestionably lies in the fact that we have not been engaged in any European war (with the exception of the Crimean) for nearly a century, and therefore there exists no international bitterness on that score between ourselves and the Continent. The Crimean War, perhaps, improved rather than embittered our international relations, for France was our ally, and the Russian nation possesses even yet so little distinct national feeling that the language of its

educated classes is French, and if they live away from their own country for a few years they become absolutely French in idea and sentiment — so much so, indeed, that there is nothing they regard with greater dismay than the occasional necessity for a return to their native land. Therefore, as far as concerns our relations with our continental neighbors, we may neglect the influence of the Crimean War, and consider that since 1815 we have never aroused any national antipathy in Europe for military reasons.

These causes have doubtless contributed to produce the difference between the continental estimate of John Bull fifty years ago and that which exists to-day; but it is also very apparent that on his part, too, there has been an advance towards breadth of view and cosmopolitanism, which is as refreshing as it is, not infrequently, deprecated by him as if it implied discredit and retrogression. He is still, however (speaking generally and not of a special class who are as much at home in Paris, Vienna, or Rome, as they are in London), a creature *sui generis*, and his nationality is perfectly unmistakable wherever he betakes himself. He is no longer to be seen — let us note it with pleasure and relief — strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens or the Pincian Hill in cricketing flannels, with a tennis hat on his head and a young oak-tree in his hand; but he may still be described in a tweed suit in the *foyer* of the theatres, where, if he could only understand the remarks passed upon him by a nation like the French or Italians, who are great sticklers for *les convenances*, he might be induced to pay a little more respect to appearances. He still clings to his pipe — that emblem of his nationality — which he would not dream of displaying in Pall Mall or St. James's Street, and may be seen smoking it contentedly in the most fashionable parts of a foreign capital, and he is still regarded, unfortunately, as the principal patron of the artistic nudities in the Rue de Rivoli, and the cancanesque performances of the *cafés chantants* in the Champs Elysées.

For three months of the year he turns Switzerland into a happy hunting-ground, and it is no exaggeration to say that his language is the most prevalent tongue from June to August. Here, however, he is of a different genus from that to be met in Paris or even in Italy, for as a rule he descends a grade or two and approaches nearer to the 'Arry of world-wide fame. Year after year the newspapers

announce a larger exodus of the fashionable world to Switzerland, but, nevertheless, either the heaven is comparatively infinitesimal, or else the resorts it chooses are as remote as possible from the ordinary track, for the bulk of the British population of Switzerland during the summer months consists undoubtedly of that large majority of the nation which resents the designation (when applied to itself) of "the middle class." Here John Bull is very often unfortunate in his representative. He clothes himself in strange and motley apparel; he clings more lovingly than ever to his pipe; often he considers the opportunity favorable for the cultivation of a beard; he is generally to be seen in a flannel shirt. He rejoices in rowdiness and the smashing of restaurant windows, and is the terror of waiters whom he abuses or knocks down, and, with a lordly air, throws them a napoleon wherewith to buy plaster. He insists on joining in choruses (often of his own concoction) at the *cafés chantants*, and is the mainstay of all the casinos and gambling-rooms, where he stamps about and swears lustily if he loses; occasionally he is even haled before the representatives of the law and finds food for a month's amusement in the discovery that, owing to the comparative poverty of the country, he is fined perhaps only twenty francs for a serious offence. Nevertheless he has his good points even when he is one of the kind described; he is the idol of all the guides, for if he once makes up his mind to ascend a stiff mountain he puts off these excrescences of 'Arrydom and shows plainly that he "means business;" and if he finds himself on an awkward bit of ice, or a dangerously perpendicular side of a precipice, he shows that his heart is in the right place, and that behind his swagger and his rowdiness lies a reserve of nerve and pluck and disregard of danger which completely whitewashes his character in the sympathetic eyes of the hardy mountaineers. As a general rule, notwithstanding his occasional rowdiness and "bad form," John Bull is popular in Switzerland, partly, perhaps, because the Swiss, like the Scot, imbibes a "canny" character from the atmosphere of his native hills, and recognizes the fact that the English tourist is more largely and more easily bled than other nations.

In Italy, as might be expected, John Bull changes caste again, and sinks the tourist in the traveller. Here he is a man with some leisure and with artistic tastes, a being totally distinct from his fellow-

countryman who snatches a hard-earned holiday from business cares for a month or six weeks in Switzerland. He has a longer purse, and consequently living and accommodation are fifty per cent. dearer, and very often twenty per cent. worse, than in the latter country. He is a more cultivated individual, and can often express himself fairly in French and talk a smattering of Italian to boot. He does not travel about in a breathless fashion, determined to see all he can in a few weeks, but moves slowly from place to place, staying a month or more in each. His circle of acquaintanceship is generally large, and wherever he goes he finds friends either resident, or nomad like himself, but mixing with the residents; in a week or two he takes his part in all the social entertainments which occur, he is introduced into the Italian society (which often speaks English as well as himself) and meets the native element; the result is mutual good understanding and satisfaction. The Italian is extremely good-natured and willing to be friendly, and he never forgets that English sympathy has generally been with him in his struggles for independence and nationality—more especially in 1860, when the cause of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi excited such enthusiasm in England—and therefore John Bull is, as a rule, a well-received and popular individual.

In Germany John Bull is represented most frequently by his wife and daughters, who take up their abode in the Fatherland for reasons of education and economy. Whether it is that they are more insular and prejudiced than himself, or whether there are also other causes at work, the fact is indisputable, that nowhere in the world—not even excepting the Emerald Isle—is he more unpopular than in Germany. "Unpopular" is a mild word for the intense bitterness of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" with which the German in general, and the Prussian in particular, regards us, and there is probably not one Englishman in five hundred who has the faintest conception of the extent of this hatred until he has travelled in Germany. It is deep-seated throughout the entire nation, and is passive as a rule, but when it finds the smallest vent-hole for escape it bursts forth furiously, as in the instances of the empress Victoria and Sir Morell Mackenzie, when the animus displayed was not so much directed against the individuals as against the whole English nation. A German is never particularly

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reticent in his language, and when his anger is aroused he becomes brutally frank and explicit. "France!" he will exclaim again and again, "what do we want with France? We have conquered her once, and we have no wish to do it again unless we are driven to it! There is a much richer and a much easier prey to be found in England, and if we could only embroil her with France and thus assure the neutrality of the latter, we would be in London in six months!" This is not an exaggerated or an isolated expression of opinion, but is the feeling which lies nearest the heart of almost every German without exception; it is the fondest hope of the whole German army, and the German army means the German nation. Practically the *Ligue des Patriotes*, with MM. Antoine, Déroulède, and Rochefort in command, is the safeguard of England, and so long as they can keep the desire for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine in the hearts of the French people, we are safe, but only so long. Just as soon as France abandons this hope of the *revanche*, Germany intends to, and will, throw off the mask which irks her so much already that even now she can scarcely conceal the frown behind it. It may be thought that this picture is exaggerated, but if any Englishman will take the trouble to travel in Germany for six months and live amongst the people, he will discover for himself how firm and deep-rooted and universal is the hatred of England. A single instance may perhaps suffice to give some idea of the mutual antipathy between the two nations. In Dresden, where a considerable English colony has established itself, the inhabitants, headed by the garrison, displayed such marked hostility towards the English in general, that at all the hotels and *pensions* which contained an English coterie those individual English or Americans who had any dealings with them were almost ostracized by the English society, and if any lady dared to dance with a German officer at the various semi-public balls which were given at the hotels from time to time, she was severely left alone to amuse herself solely with her military friends, for no Englishman would dance with her or pay her the smallest attention. Such a display was no doubt childish and not in the best taste possible, but it serves to illustrate the mutual animosity which prevailed and which was still further exemplified by the frequent recurrence of duels provoked wantonly and gratuitously by the German garrison.

To the credit of John Bull, it may be added that he came out of them by no means badly as a rule.

One of his home traits which he leaves behind him is his peculiar stiffness and desire to know all about his neighbor before he dares to exchange a remark with him, and, though he is still far from being an exuberant or confidential companion, he breaks down for the time that wall of suspicion and reserve with which he hedges himself around at home. In this respect he is a constant enigma to cousin Jonathan, who if he says, "Come and see me in New York," means what he says, and will be unfeignedly glad to renew a casual acquaintance; but Jonathan declares that if he receives a similar invitation to London and acts upon it, he is often awarded two fingers and a hurried "Come and dine with me some night at the club," which he is inclined to resent. *Autre pays, autre mœurs.* The distinction between John Bull at home and John Bull far from all social considerations abroad is too subtle to be easy of comprehension to the American mind. Abroad, at any rate, he makes up his mind to enjoy himself, and he does so in a great measure because he never loses the sub-consciousness that he has left Mrs. Grundy behind, for he is not naturally so demure and circumspect as he would fain appear to be, and when he flings a parting farewell to that omnipotent dame at Dover or Folkestone he breathes a sigh of relief, and for a few weeks he becomes himself. Sooner or later, alas! her charms begin to eclipse the beauties of the Vatican Venus or the *chef d'œuvres* of French realistic art, and, like another Tannhauser, he is seized with a wild desire to resume his chains and kiss the chastening rod. But as long as he remains abroad, he is charming; he will meet a fellow-countryman casually in Paris, Florence, or Rome, and invite him almost forthwith to his house — a proceeding he would not dream of in London; he will allow his acquaintance to ripen into intimacy without even inquiring whether his new friend possesses either a grandfather or a banking account; he will even allow his daughters to compete with their American rivals in the lists of flirtation and freedom of intercourse — a hazardous experiment which, as a rule, they take advantage of, and enjoy with great benefit to their powers of discrimination and without any detriment to their refinement or modesty.

But though in various respects his views have become broader, there still remain

many English idiosyncrasies to which he clings with unflinching devotion. He never entirely loses his bashfulness in speaking any other tongue than his own, and he always retains a self-conscious suspicion that people are laughing at him if he makes the attempt. Observe him at any *table d'hôte* side by side with a Frenchman, and, though he can perhaps express himself very fairly in French, he will maintain a stolid silence, and never think of availing himself of the opportunity of improving himself in the language, as a foreigner would persistently do. As far as regards his own countrymen, he is not far wrong in his suspicions of ridicule, for they may be divided broadly into two classes — those who can speak a foreign tongue, and those who cannot; the former listen to his attempts with all their ears, and undoubtedly do laugh at his mistakes, while the latter, who are not sufficiently versed in the language to catch his slips in grammar and pronunciation, very often opine that he is merely swaggering. He is conscious that he himself belongs to one of these classes, and therefore he is awkward and shy because he is tolerably sure that his neighbor or his *vis-à-vis* may also be included in one category or the other. As a natural consequence, when he is abroad he generally abjures foreign society (unless it speaks English), hotels, and *pensions*, and congregates principally in those resorts where English is the predominant language; his English newspapers follow him whithersoever he goes, and he takes little or no interest in foreign politics or affairs. He cannot help meeting numbers of French, Italians, and Germans who can speak, or are learning to speak, at least three languages, his own included, nor does it strike him as strange that almost every shopkeeper, waiter, chambermaid, or porter can speak, and understand as a rule, English, French, and German; nevertheless, it is quite possible for him to return to his own shores after a year's wandering about the Continent with no more idea of any foreign language than he possessed when he set forth, and he is the very first to resent the accusation cast in our teeth by foreigners, that we are the most ignorant nation in the world.

No analysis of John Bull and his habits abroad would be complete without a reference to the fact that, for one reason or another, he often becomes a resident in foreign climes for some years, for it is probably owing to this circumstance in a great measure that he is now better known

abroad, and it also produces other results which vary according to country and place. He settles in Paris either to learn French, or to amuse himself, or because he is engaged in some business occupation there; Switzerland, the French provincial towns, and Germany he seeks for reasons of economy and the education of his children; Italy he chooses because he falls in love with the charms of art, antiquity, and climate which he finds there. Naturally his class is different in each country, and the popular opinion of him varies accordingly. In Paris he is now too well known to do much public posing; in Italy he is still the *grand seigneur* who is literally made of money and expected to bleed at every pore; in Switzerland, provincial France, and Germany, he is no longer regarded as the great *milord* who does not care what he spends. The consequence is, that in these latter countries he obtains all commodities at not more than perhaps ten per cent. above the market price, and even this seems to him marvellously cheap; in Italy he pays a premium of about a hundred and fifty per cent., and is not, curiously enough, regarded with gratitude for paying it, but is looked upon as little short of a natural fool for yielding so tamely to extortion; and in Paris he may be congratulated if he pays less than from twenty to forty per cent. more than a native. But if his reputation as a *grand seigneur* is on the wane, so also is his reputation for boorishness, insolence, and self-sufficiency. This he has handed on to the German, who has inherited the reputation, and its consequent unpopularity, with this difference, that whereas John Bull, if he incurred dislike and ill-feeling, had a golden ointment wherewith to salve the wounds he inflicted, Herr von Donnerblitzen exaggerates the insolence and lacks the salve. There can be no doubt that in this respect John Bull deserves his improved renown, for even at home he is less insular and narrow in his ideas; the increase of education has opened his mind, and greater intercourse with the Continent has toned him down, and therefore, when he crosses the "silver streak," he finds himself more in touch with the institutions and customs around him. One gauge of his greater popularity is the rage for everything English which prevails in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. He is absolute king in all sartorial matters, and everything pertaining thereto in the shape of hats, sticks, umbrellas, ties, shoes, boots, guns, etc., etc., which to be salable must bear the super-

scription "*article anglaise*." In Paris, and therefore in France (for in such matters Paris still leads French opinion), he owes much of his popularity to what may appear to him an inadequate cause; it is, in a great measure, the reflection of the sincere love and esteem felt for the Prince of Wales, who is beyond all doubt the best and most universally beloved prince in Europe; and in Paris, as may be seen from his reception there he is literally idolized by all classes, despite the republican and communistic sentiment which still prevails. To an Englishman such a reason may seem far-fetched and insufficient, but if he considers the emotional and hero-worshipping nature of the French people, he will find it easy of credence, especially when it is repeated in his ears by Frenchman after Frenchman of all shades of political opinion.

It may surprise John Bull, who is inclined to pride himself upon his pluck, his dash, his hard-hitting, and his bluntness, to discover, if he enters into a conversation with an educated Frenchman or Italian, the respect which is felt on the Continent for his diplomacy, which he is often inclined to depreciate. Right and left he will hear the same parable. "You English, yes! you have been the most adroit diplomatists for the last two hundred years! You have always pursued the same policy, always had the same end in view — aggrandizement at the least possible cost, and if possible at the expense of others! Other nations have spent their blood and treasure and you have seized the chestnuts! After the Seven Years' War, by your diplomacy you took the lion's share of the spoil in gaining India and Canada; by the second Treaty of Paris you gained Ceylon; in the Crimea, France spent more money and more blood than you did, but she gained nothing; even in the last Russo-Turkish War, Russia, who was the conqueror, obtained practically no advantage, while you, who had nothing to do with it, took Cyprus and Egypt!" Of course John Bull will not endorse this opinion, and he will endeavor to point out the inaccuracy of it, but he can hardly fail to see that it expresses fairly accurately the continental opinion of him.

It is difficult to discover the reason for our intense unpopularity in Germany, for the Germans themselves are unable to assign any tangible cause for it. We seem to reproduce in their minds the immortal Dr. Fell, for it is unquestionable that "the reason why they cannot tell," or, if they



could, they prefer not to do so. Perhaps they have a longer political memory than ourselves, and as their one aim and ambition for the last fifty years has been the creation and consolidation of their empire, they may remember our animosity towards them during the Danish War, and the wave of sympathy for the French which swept over this country in 1870. That they resent the asylum afforded by England to thousands of their own countrymen who evade military service at home is indubitable, as also is their dislike for the welcome we accorded to the French royal family. But there are other reasons which lie deeper down and are less easily formulated. Germany is a military power, and possesses a practically autocratic monarchy; she is woefully poor, and she views with unfriendly eyes the prosperity of a nation which is neither the one nor the other, and dreads the spread of similar democratic influences to her own people. Furthermore she has made herself the bully of Europe, she has conquered Austria and France, who once possessed the highest military prestige in the world, and the record of England is the only one which is unbroken; she is eaten up with pride and vainglory, and she cannot tolerate any assumption of equality; she would be "aut Cæsar aut nullus," and on any nation which pretends to a share of the imperial purple she pours out the vials of her jealousy and hatred. She is our rival in trade and in colonization; but English trade does not yield as she hopes, and English colonization works itself, while her own, bolstered up by all the resources of the empire, is not even moderately successful. She is a young nation, and her foundations are barely set; she detests the rock of centuries upon which the English Empire is based.

There is one final peculiarity of John Bull abroad which deserves notice, and that is his conception and definition of patriotism. It is almost impossible to define the boundary line between patriotism and prejudice on the one hand, and toleration and want of patriotism on the other, for the limit seems to vary according to the individual. There can be no doubt that as a rule John Bull abroad inclines to the former, and that his patriotism very often runs far over the boundary and into the region of prejudice. He will be the first to declare, for instance, that English women are the best dressed women in the world, while his own womenkind, if they can afford it, are buying their dresses in the Rue de la Paix; and he will assert

that English education far exceeds that of the Continent when his French or German neighbor is talking to him fluently in his own language, and displaying a knowledge of English history and literature which puts his own school and college recollections to shame. He can seldom divest himself of his English spectacles in looking on foreign habits and customs, for he will launch into exclamations of disgust and accusations of bad breeding if he sees a Frenchman gnawing a chicken bone, or an Italian eating macaroni after the fashion of the country. The performance is no doubt unsavory to English eyes; but John Bull will rarely admit that it does not prove the performer to be "a fellow of the baser sort."

Taken all in all, however, John Bull must be congratulated upon his advance in ideas and sympathy; he is not yet entirely cosmopolitan (like the Russian, for example), which is not, perhaps, to be regretted; but he *has* moved with the times, and his increasing popularity is a criterion of the appreciation with which his progress is regarded on the Continent of Europe.

From Time.

#### THE DEFENSIVE POSITION OF HOLLAND.

THE rather alarming words, "Holland in danger," which the well-known Dutch military authority, Baron Tindal, has for some time past been making to ring in the ears of his nation, suggest thoughts of a fairly pathetic character to many people.

Anxiety, indeed, has existed for a considerable time past on the part of thoughtful men, and particularly military men in Holland, as to what would be the fate of that country in the event of a European war; or, what is more especially feared, a war between Germany and France. And notwithstanding the fact that both these powers seem about equally profuse in the declaration of peaceful intentions, still as the subject of defence and the strengthening of the military position are matters of the first concern with both France and Germany, and indeed with all Europe, everybody appears to be looking forward to a gigantic struggle, with these two powers for the chief combatants, as an event not long to be postponed. The position of Germany seems to be, after all, a thoroughly defensive one. But it is this, one is compelled to say, after everything

has been gained that can possibly be desired by Germany as regards France; while it is observable that with all the emperor's oft-reiterated wishes for continued peace, there is only a rumored disposition shown on his part to reduce armaments; the arming still goes on. Nothing is actually done towards such a *rapprochement* with France as would be calculated to allay the tension which exists between these two. Until the two central powers of Europe shall come to an understanding, and do their part towards a general disarmament and the dethronement of militarism on the Continent, not only will the best interests of the toiling masses fail to be conserved, but the "struggle" will continue to be a danger fairly to be considered as looming in the distance, and one which other nations must perforce provide against.

Little as Holland would of her own accord have to do with this struggle, she nevertheless is likely, in spite of herself, to be very directly concerned. The question, therefore, which at different times since the Franco-German war has been asked with reference to this country, again arises: "Is Holland to be erased from the map of Europe?" This surely is an important question; and such an erasure would be an unwelcome spectacle to the world—the effacement of a nation so great in her past, and whose liberties were won only after a war waged through eighty years!

As regards the coming struggle between France and Germany, it is believed that Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg might fare badly through complications likely to arise out of such a war. Luxemburg, though declared independent and neutral, already belongs to the German Empire in respect of the customs union (*Zollverein*), and in case of war with France natural causes would make of it a German State. Belgium, too, shares this feeling of anxiety. The idea is prevalent that the French and German armies would very probably make a battle-ground of the south-eastern corner of that country, especially of the valley of the Meuse; and when once seized, the country might either be permanently held by one of the combatants, or, perhaps, divided between them. Like Switzerland, Belgium's situation renders her liable to sudden invasion from either side, and little faith is placed in protocols or treaties. She feels that, notwithstanding the protecting ægis of England, the old settlement which was arranged when Antwerp was made

the basis of defence, will no longer serve her purpose, and a new line of protection is in process of construction, consisting of fortifications of great strength along the Meuse, and around Liège and Namur. These two cities are virtually the pivots of the new system of fortifications. The latter, indeed, is one of the dismantled towns, the reconstruction of whose defences Major Girard, in an important pamphlet, published not long ago at Brussels, entitled, "Belgium in the Next War," points to as rather a satire on the diplomacy of the first quarter of the century, when by a secret treaty Prussia was permitted, in the event of war, to occupy Namur, Huy, and Dinant. Diplomats of to-day will perhaps be surprised to learn that by the Fortress Convention of December 14, 1831, the stipulations of the secret article of the military protocol of 1815 were maintained, rather than abrogated, and are still in force. Moreover, the king and military authorities of Belgium, in view of the general apprehension, are desirous of creating a good standing army, and are doing their best to have the Prussian system of universal service adopted.

Holland, as compared with Belgium, is less in danger as regards the possibility of her becoming a battle-ground for contending armies; but she has reason to fear that Germany considers her, for strategic and commercial reasons, a desirable possession—and an impediment between herself and the sea, which it is desirable to remove by the process of absorption. This has given rise to a feeling of insecurity on the part of the Dutch, especially in view of the unsatisfactory state of their defences. The irregular distribution of their standing army of fifty-five thousand men, and the inadequacy of their navy for war purposes have, however, recently become subjects of serious attention, and have led to projects—though, unfortunately, as yet little more than projects—for improving and strengthening the military position and the building of new ships of war. And here, in a word, it may be stated that the defensive system of Holland consists of a scheme of concentration, called by military men the "Fortress of Holland." The old line of defence, which was extensive, has been abandoned, and what is called the "New Water Line," which in a sense may be said to be within the old, has been adopted. This line comprises within its circuit the provinces of north and south Holland and a large part of Utrecht,—

the richest portion of the kingdom, including the four large towns of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague, and Utrecht, as well as the considerable cities of Haarlem and Leyden. In fact, the Fortress of Holland forms a peninsula, and is connected with the rest of the country for the length of twelve leagues only—from Naarden, on the Zuyder Zee, through Utrecht, to Gorcum. This is called the "New Line," as opposed to the "Old Line," the openings in which for inundations saved Holland in 1672. Formerly there was a succession of lines of defence, and even now the Utrecht line is but a secondary base. Properly speaking, no attempt is now to be made to dispute the territory inch by inch. The line of Utrecht may be broken through, and then Amsterdam and its immediate vicinity would become the last, but grand point of resistance. This point has always been regarded as impregnable; and when the Dutch general of engineers, Krayenhoff, in 1810, so declared it to be, and Napoleon doubted, he had but to spread out a map before the great master of tactics to invoke the involuntary expression, "*Je le vois*."

But, it may be asked, "Are not Holland and Germany sister nations, and are not their relations entirely cordial?" The Dutch, it is true, belong to the great Teutonic family, as do the Germans; but they differ materially in their political and social life; in fact, they incline much more to French manners and customs—at least, that is the case with the cultivated classes in recent times. Though the German language is to a certain extent generally understood among them, yet there is no locality in which it prevails. In the words of M. Havard, "Dutch is ever in possession of the field." Nor is it impossible to deny that there is in Holland an instinctive feeling of dislike towards Germany. The people have grown up under the impression, whether well-founded or not, that their great neighbor covets the soil which they themselves have so industriously created, with the numerous canals and convenient waterways, and, in addition, their wealth-giving colonies. It may be true, indeed, as M. Havard states, that—apart from supposed strategic policy with military men in Germany—some fanciful philosophers have devised "from the depths of things," a pretext for annexing the Dutch kingdom, because, forsooth, a portion of its territory was for thirty years united to the ancient German Confederation.\*

\* La Hollande Pittoresque, p. 474.

Yet Holland was never actually troubled by Prussia. Indeed, when near the end of the last century, the king of Prussia sent an army to intervene between the political parties of the day in Holland, and to restore to his full powers, as stadtholder, the Prince of Orange (William V.), his brother-in-law, the Prussian army returned when its work was accomplished without having done any harm to, or levied any exactions upon, the people. As much cannot be said for the French, who, a little later, invited by the Revolutionary party, came, indeed, ostensibly as friends, but remained as appropriators of the country, levied many millions of florins, and even put an end for some years to the national existence. At least one-third of the gigantic national debt owing by little Holland—one thing certainly which Germany would not care to assume—was created in those unhappy years of foreign domination. But the France of our day cannot trouble Holland, if really there were any danger of this, for the other powerful neighbor is close at hand. Danger, if it exists, is rather in the direction of that neighbor. Germany is, indeed, a great country, but poor; Holland is a small country, but rich. In Germany the people of Holland are called the "rich Dutchmen." Not a year passes but many Germans, who have found a new fatherland in this small country, or perchance made a fortune in her colonies, become naturalized as Dutch citizens; though for a Hollander to become naturalized as a German, is a thing unheard of. The merchants of Cologne continually complain to the Prussian government that the Rhine and its branches—its terminations, perhaps, more properly, those "smiling heirs" of the German river, as Wachenhusen happily denotes the Waal, the Yssel, and the Leck—are not sufficiently deep to enable German vessels of important capacity to pass to and from the ocean. Hence the Germans are finding fault with the disinclination of the Netherlands government to spend year after year millions of florins in deepening the principal branch of the Rhine sufficiently for the passage of ocean-going steamers. The Germans even complain that the Dutch fishermen catch too many fish in their rivers, especially salmon; and on this account great quantities of young fish are prevented from ascending to Cologne and the higher reaches of the Rhine. Moreover, the Dutch are a seafaring nation; while the Germans only have as yet some hopes that they may be.

Holland is admittedly a colonial power; and Germany, as we all know, has of late shown a strong inclination to possess colonies, or rather to obtain foreign possessions. The idea, it is true, of German colonies is ridiculed in Holland, just as, indeed, it has hitherto been in England, where colonizing has become a national characteristic. The Germans will prosper in every country, and emigration is prevalent to a very great extent; but all history shows that they were never able to found colonies for themselves. Their action in Africa, New Guinea, and in the South Seas has not been attended with fortunate results, and those enterprises are samples in proof of the fact that the Germans are not in their element as colonizers, and that they lack the faculty of the Dutch and English in managing native tribes. One may, indeed, conclude that Prince Bismarck, under whose chancellorship this new policy was inaugurated, yet who never was a prime mover in the matter of German colonial enterprise, but reluctantly gave it his assent, only did so to soothe the national pride, and to furnish German politicians and German geographers with subjects for discussion. Their more sage statesmen would seem really to doubt the wisdom of Germany's policy in this direction; but as she has set down her foot it is felt that she must not draw back, but must press forward until the experiment is thoroughly tested, whatever the cost may be.

For these reasons—some of which should perhaps draw the two peoples together—there is not only a material difference generally, but as we have above observed, a kind of antagonism existing between the Dutch and the Germans. There are people in Holland, statesmen and military men, who think (and even say) that an attempt on the part of Germany to possess herself of Holland for one reason or another is “only a question of time.” But it is right also to mention another idea—having its supporters too in Germany—which might well weigh with the greater country in favor of the less, even assuming that selfish motives alone dominated German counsels. So long as Holland remains an independent State she can, by reason of her neutrality, be of the greatest use to Germany in time of war. Whereas, if Holland were to be annexed to Germany, and a war were to break out in which the latter had to defend herself against more than one of the great powers, then in that case, Holland being a part of Germany, her coast could

be blockaded, like the German coast of the Baltic Sea in recent times. But Holland remaining independent would give Germany, through the neutrality of the former, a safe avenue for obtaining provisions and stores, and a western frontier which could not be blockaded by an enemy, while complete freedom would be secured to the German fleet. The war of 1870–71 furnished forcible illustrations of this truth which might be cited. It was, indeed, once reported in the papers that Prince Bismarck had, for the reasons we have mentioned, repudiated as foolish any design on the independence of Holland.\*

And now to refer to the views of some Dutch authorities, particularly to those of Baron Tindal, in regard to the so-called defencelessness of Holland in her present condition; a question which has excited, and is now exciting, no little attention in the Netherlands. The Dutch newspapers have teemed with articles setting forth the unpreparedness of the country to defend its neutrality in the event of a war arising between France and Germany. The articles of Baron Tindal in *De Amsterdammer*, and his fuller treatment of the subject in his pamphlet,† now in the third edition, as well as his public lectures thereupon, have caused quite a stir throughout the country; and although the Dutch generally disclaim any fears, yet perhaps the notice which is being taken of the views and writings of the distinguished ex-officer of the Dutch Artillery is the best evidence of their effect.

The great point enforced by Baron Tindal is this: That the Dutch government is expending every year for the defences of the country some thirty-five million

\* This otherwise very credible report is placed upon somewhat uncertain grounds by the following utterly irreconcilable statements, found in the recently published “Memoirs of Count Beust, written by himself,” and which may be quoted here as pertinent to the subject: “We also spoke of the German provinces of Austria, and Prince Bismarck strongly disclaimed any desire of acquiring these provinces for the German Empire. He pointed out that Vienna and the Slav and Catholic population would only cause embarrassment and difficulty. I do not question the sincerity of these objections, but I cannot forget another circumstance in connection with this subject. ‘I would rather,’ Bismarck told me, ‘annex Holland to Germany.’ When I entered some months later on my post as ambassador in London, the new Dutch ambassador, with whom I had formerly been acquainted, arrived at the same time. He had hitherto been ambassador in Berlin. The first thing he told me was that Bismarck had reassured him as to the rumor that Germany wished to annex Holland, by saying that he would greatly prefer the German provinces of Austria.” (Vol. ii., pp. 262, 263.)

† *Nederland in Gevaar: Geen Sensatie Roman maar Werkelijkheid.* Door Henry Tindal, Amsterdam, 1889. With a continuation, containing a new preface and an appendix.

florins, but doing this without any real system or plan. He therefore, in substance, says to them, "Save your money, or else lay it out in a way likely to be more effective in the day of need" — which he thinks not very far off. Owing to this vicious policy the country is not, he contends, in a state of readiness to defend its neutrality. The fleet is inadequate, the army cannot be mobilized, and the whole system of defence is thoroughly defective. The change of the seat of government from the Hague to Amsterdam is urged; but particularly the removal of the War and Navy Departments — the Hague itself being entirely open and liable to bombardment from the sea. The adoption of personal and universal liability to military service, after the Prussian system, is also demanded. He likewise animadvert upon the course at present pursued of quartering garrisons in such places as would be of little use to the government in time of war, while there are first-class barracks standing empty in the best positions. Referring to the probable plan of Germany, in the event of war with France, and assuming Belgium to be the chief battle-ground, it is clear, as he argues, that Germany will require to make use of the railways passing through Dutch territory, for throwing troops into Belgium. There is only one line directly connecting Germany with Belgium; whereas there are six Dutch lines having a German connection which would serve for this purpose. Nothing is more certain, therefore, than that these would instantly be required. Holland would have the choice between an immediate alliance with Germany, or, in case of refusal, being regarded as an enemy. In 1866 Prussia allowed Hanover six hours for deliberation; it is consistently argued that no more time certainly need be expected by Holland, if as much. For in the war that is coming precedents of the past with regard to military movements, or indeed methods of human slaughter, will be counted as but tame and slow. Germany will not allow Holland a moment to mobilize her army or place the so-called "Fortress" in a state of defence; that would be leaving her own flank exposed to "a brave, though a small army," likely to be continually harassing her troops. In any case, Germany would require to leave a strong force of observation in front of the Fortress; then, making use of the Dutch railways for massing her troops on Belgian soil, she would deliver her *ultimatum* to Holland. In the event of Holland declin-

ing to treat, Germany would, under the present defective Dutch system of mobilization and defence, in a few hours be in possession of the country. Along the whole frontier, from Delfzijl to Maestricht — about fifty-two leagues — Holland would not have more than seven thousand men and a few batteries to oppose, say thirty thousand and three hundred guns, so that the country would be entered in an hour.\* This once done, it would not be so easy to get rid of the German army. Such is Baron Tindal's line of argument, and he has thoroughly studied the situation from a German military point of view as well as from a Dutch.

Several other scientific officers have also written upon the subject of the Dutch defences, but generally in reply to, or stimulated by, what Baron Tindal has said. Leaving out of account merely controversial themes, there is substantial agreement among *all* the writers as to the four following points — furnished, indeed, by Baron Tindal in another place — viz.:

1. With the defences as they now exist surprises are possible.
2. If proper means are taken, these surprises may be prevented.
3. It is possible to bombard the Hague from the sea.
4. It is very desirable that during the present time of peace the War Department should be transferred to Amsterdam.

Touching these four points, the same authority (Baron Tindal), in a letter to *Het Nieuws van den Dag*, the source above referred to, says, what, in part, we may venture to quote:—

We can, for the moment, put all the rest aside. These are *the* main points. If we can be taken by surprise, then, considering the great advantages which it offers to the enemy, there is every probability that we shall be taken by surprise.

The first thing that is necessary, therefore, is, that measures be taken against all surprises, and this must be done *immediately*; every day of delay may be productive of danger. If we are taken by surprise, the millions which have for years past been spent on our defences will have been wasted. . . .

Let us be men! No pecuniary sacrifices are asked for in order to divert the danger. No; it is only necessary that we make our voices heard in the demand that active efforts be made to place our independent existence as a nation on a sure basis. In my *brochure* I said, "Work, immediate and energetic, is the

\* The Times, January 15, 1890.



only thing that can save us." In the first place we must work to safeguard ourselves against surprises; this can and must be done if we still cherish the slightest love for our independence.

We already have before us, in a general way, Baron Tindal's views in regard to this subject of Dutch national defence, which—seeing the uncertainties of European politics, and hence of the continuance of peace—he considers decidedly foremost in its demand upon their legislature and upon the minister for war. Let us now, even at the risk of possibly exceeding our proper space, quote him a little in detail. Baron Tindal, in his pamphlet, draws the following very graphic picture of a possible "surprise occupation" of the Netherlands by the German troops:—

Suppose Germany, for political or military reasons, thinks it advisable to occupy the Netherlands. In what manner would she proceed, with the least inconvenience to herself?

In this way: During a period of complete peace, for instance, at the present time, various cavalry regiments, quartered within easy reach of our frontier, are ordered to make some war-marches, by way of practice. To the commandants a little more is secretly told.

The commandants of the several regiments will receive orders (the exact object, of course, being concealed from the troops) to march to Emmerich, to take part in cavalry manoeuvres.

The regiments will assemble in the village of X, within a few miles' march of Emmerich, and will there place themselves under the command of Lieutenant General A. The regiments will assemble at this place, we will say, by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. A similar order is also sent to one or two batteries of mounted artillery, which are to meet the cavalry regiments at the same place and hour.

Now the question is: Has our government been put *au courant* as to every cavalry regiment which leaves its barracks, and with what object? No, of course not. Granting even that we did hear (but how should we?) of some cavalry regiments being exercised in war-marches. What then? Who will see anything in that, during a period of complete peace? Those who know the state of affairs with us, will say the Germans may or may not, as they choose, meet within a few miles of Emmerich—our Government will hear nothing of it.

The following evening, about nine or ten o'clock, after the troops have rested pretty well the whole day, the Commandant of the Division orders the entire division to commence the war-march, at first as far as Zavenaar. In the course of the day, the various officers in command, and others who are in

the secret, have been told how to act on reaching Netherland territory.

The division arrives at Zavenaar, say at midnight. Who is to inform the government of it? Many of those who, during the night, see or hear the troops pass, will, as we are at peace with every one, simply think some manoeuvres are about to take place. The majority of those that see the troops will think they are our own. Acquaintance with uniforms is, especially in a non-garrison town, not a strong point with our people.

But supposing even that some intelligent person, whose suspicions are aroused, wishes to give information; to whom is he to send? To the War Minister? But how? Even if the telegraph office has not immediately been occupied by the Germans (an omission that can scarcely be imagined), he will find no one here to transmit his despatch, for the telegraph office is closed. He cannot wire at night.

Without going into particulars as to the military precautions of the German division, we will allow that it proceeds quietly on its way. Towards two A.M., if it be not too dark, the sentry on duty at Westervoort notices some hussars crossing the bridge, followed by some more. Shall he fire at those people? Why? How is he to know that they are not our own hussars? He has no orders. He will stand and look on; perhaps he will call the commandant and a few others to come and look. Meanwhile the hussars proceed further, and one of them coolly asks to speak with the Commandant. Him he informs that, according to agreement with our Government, Westervoort and a few other places are to be temporarily occupied by our German allies. In this way Westervoort will probably be occupied without any one being the wiser. Even supposing, on a closer approach of the hussars, that the sentry is able to see that they are not our own hussars, and he does fire at those men—during a period of complete peace? What of that? A young countryman, perhaps, but recently gone into the army, does not lightly proceed to use his gun against people without some previous orders. But granting even that the whole garrison gives fire, who will, on hearing the firing in the middle of the night at Arnheim, imagine that it is aught but a salute at some wedding party?

In the mean time the rest of the division rides forward to Arnheim. There the telegraph offices and the station are occupied. The troops arrive at the barracks about three o'clock. Here the same question arises. Will the sentry fire? Most probably not. In the barracks about six hundred infantrymen and a couple of hundred bombardiers of the artillery are sleeping. Shall they, without orders, without any idea as to what is occurring, offer resistance to great odds?

For it must not be forgotten that they are told the troops have come as allies, who are temporarily to occupy Arnheim, and if necessary to assist in its defence in the event of an

attack. But even if every man of them, on being suddenly roused from his slumbers, were to take it into his head to fire at these soldiers — in a time of complete peace — what would be the use of their resistance against such great odds, and where the former have had time to take their precautions?

Imagine for a moment the confusion that must necessarily prevail in the insufficiently lighted rooms, among a lot of half-naked men running about to find their guns and ammunition! Given a little energetic action on the part of the Germans, and resistance will be out of the question; if any firing does take place, the shot will most likely fall among comrades. At all events their arms are *temporarily* (as they are informed) taken from them, and for the rest the garrison quietly remains in its quarters till the next day.

Meantime the first trainful of infantry arrives from Germany. The Commandants of the troops have that day been secretly instructed to act upon plans long since decided upon. The transport of troops commenced the previous evening, and towards three A.M. the first train arrives at Arnheim. How easily this can be done without our being aware of it at all, may be seen from the fact that if only the three following garrisons are utilized, quartered along the Cologne-Arnheim line, viz.: those of Cologne, Dusseldorf, and Wesel, more than ten thousand men are at immediate disposal in times of peace. Besides, at the busy stations of Cologne, Dusseldorf, and Wesel, it is an easy matter to collect sufficient material for the transport of these troops, without arousing suspicion. The infantry, on alighting at Arnheim, are immediately sent to replace the cavalry. These latter troops spend the remainder of the night resting, and at six A.M. they break up. Where for? The entire "Nieuwe Hollandse Water-linie" lies open to them. It is true all the roads are well provided with forts and batteries, but these are unoccupied. There is nothing whatever to check their onward course to the very heart of Holland. The Commandant of the division has, however, other instructions. He makes straight for Utrecht.

Let us now leave the division to continue its march, and just see what is in the mean time taking place at the Hague. The following morning our Minister for War, seated at his breakfast table, receives by telegram — that is, supposing that some intelligent individuals who, at their own expense, without instructions from higher authorities, have managed to find means, notwithstanding all the precautions on the part of the Germans, to wire to the War Minister — the news that during the night Arnheim, Gennepe, Venlo, Roermond, etc., have been occupied by German troops; that for some hours, a division of cavalry with artillery has been on the road from Arnheim to Utrecht, while infantry troops are being transported by rail. I will not even speak here of the yet more unfavorable but certainly

not improbable supposition that the Minister will receive these tidings some hours later still. What will be the Minister's first step, when such news is placed on his breakfast table? Will he act himself, or first take counsel with his colleagues? Granted that he wants to take energetic action himself, what is he to do? Mobilize? Too late. The Germans are at Utrecht before the orders for mobilization have been issued from his department and matters have been arranged with the railway companies. Shall he telegraph to Utrecht his instructions to offer resistance? What resistance is to be offered? At Utrecht there lie quartered about 200 infantry soldiers, 8 companies of artillery with 100 rifles, and a couple of batteries of field artillery. Are these to offer resistance to a cavalry division of six regiments of cavalry and a couple of batteries of mounted artillery, and at least six battalions of, say, 3,600 infantry, who can easily be at Zeist at 12 o'clock? If the Minister wishes to send the garrison at the Hague to Utrecht, he will, of course, have about 1,000 more men to dispose of; but neither these nor the garrison of 600 men lying in Amsterdam could reach the place in time. But supposing even that they did, what could they do in the face of such overpowering odds, which grow in numbers hour by hour?

However, will the War Minister dare to take such measures on his own responsibility alone? Certainly not. Besides there is more to follow. Misfortunes seldom come singly. While His Excellency is still staring in astonishment at his telegrams, he receives word that a German squadron has arrived off Scheveningen. His Excellency will then at once call upon the President of the Council, or, perhaps, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. His Excellency has not spent a very pleasant morning either. At an unceremoniously early hour, he has received a visit from the Envoy of His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, delivering him a message somewhat of the following nature: —

"The uncertain political condition of Europe, and the often-threatening attitude of France, have compelled Germany, for reasons of self-preservation, to proceed to the temporary occupation of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, who deeply regrets this political and military necessity, trusts that this measure will bring about no change in the friendly relations of the two peoples. His Majesty the Emperor has too great a respect for His Majesty the King of the Netherlands, and too great an admiration for the liberty-loving Dutch people, to decide upon such a measure except in a case of absolute necessity. His Majesty the Emperor, therefore, decides that the German troops shall be considered and treated as friends and allies, and to that effect he has given his commands to the different officers. Knowing of the treacherous character of some of the European Powers, His Majesty has thought it best to place before

Europe a *fait accompli*, as regards his alliance with the Kingdom of the Netherlands. His Majesty the Emperor has done this, particularly out of regard for the interests of the Dutch people, who would otherwise probably have been deterred from consulting their own interests by other European powers. His Majesty the Emperor proposes to His Majesty the King of the Netherlands, as yet to place no German troops in garrison at Amsterdam; but to quarter the allied troops temporarily at Utrecht, and in the unoccupied barracks of the forts of the New Dutch Water Line, and further at Maestricht, Roermond, Venlo, Gennepe, Nijmegen, Arnheim, etc. If His Majesty the King accedes to the alliance, General X has been instructed to treat with His Excellency the Netherlands Minister for War, and to regulate with him *en détail* the quartering of and supplies to the troops. The first condition, however, is that His Majesty the King of the Netherlands shall be considered as the good and faithful ally of his Majesty the Emperor of Germany. If, however, as is not to be hoped, the government of His Majesty the King should think fit to resist the request of His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, which circumstances have rendered necessary and allowable, and should they thus feel inclined to act against the real interests of the Dutch people, he (the Minister) has instructions to at once place his letter of recall in the hands of His Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs and leave the city.

"Should the Government of His Majesty the King even then not think fit to accede to the request of His Majesty the Emperor, or should the Netherlands Government take any measures of resistance to the army of occupation, which, animated, as it is, with the friendliest possible feelings, has entered the country, the Commandant of the Squadron off Scheveningen will be placed under the most regrettable necessity of undertaking the immediate bombardment of the Hague." (And the instructions held by the Commandant of the Squadron may be something as follows: At a certain hour he is ordered to send a gunboat ashore, which is to receive the German Minister, upon which the bombardment commences; or a despatch is sent informing the Commandant that the Netherlands Government agrees.)

Just let us imagine the whole course of things as I have drawn them [proceeds Baron Tindal]. To-morrow the events may occur as I have described them. There is nothing to prevent it. It would not cause Germany the slightest embarrassment to get, within twenty-four hours, fully 30,000 infantry, six regiments of cavalry, and 300 guns transported across our frontier. As for what is known as the "Law of Nations," history has shown that this has never been considered a serious obstacle if great military advantages are at stake. In the highest German military circles, the Law of Nations is looked upon as a "mere figure of speech."

We are told by Sir Charles Dilke—referring to the want of preparation and the confusion of the French in the late war—that "the German military authorities could sit still and think, and alter the march of armies, because they had not a single detail with which to deal that had not been regulated during peace." And it is during peace that our Dutch writers would have their government make ready for the possible eventualities they foresee; for, as it proved with France, when hostilities have commenced it is too late to rectify mistakes of a radical kind. Moreover, operations of an entirely justifiable character in time of peace might be construed into offensive operations by the great neighbor, if left till after the tocsin of war has sounded (that war to which all look forward), and then objected to. This is why Baron Tindal, in particular, is so urgent in pressing upon the Dutch government for immediate action, and no doubt from a military point of view he is wise. The population of Holland is only, as near as may be, the same as that of London; and Lord Wolseley has said that there is no reason why a foreign force of one hundred thousand men should not be able (we presume through the "Channel Tunnel") to take London.\* Yet it would be difficult to persuade the average Londoner, dwelling in fancied security, with soldiers and volunteers in apparent abundance, that such a feat would be possible; and so it is with the ordinary Dutchman, who fails to see around him any real occasion for alarm. Consequently all this writing and agitation are in danger of being set down as the work of mere professional military men or of alarmists, and therefore may not bear the fruit which they should. There are those, too, who are of opinion that no amount of precaution could avail if Germany—with a standing army of eight hundred thousand men, and a mobilizing force of three and one-quarter millions—was really disposed to take the country. In reference also to the view that one of the best guarantees of Dutch independence is the jealousy of the great powers, especially considering Holland's colonial possessions, they ask (using words communicated from a private source in Holland), "Who is to have the different parts when the division takes place?" Let us continue the very apt observations: "At the same time we wonder, nay, doubt, whether Germany could

\* Quoted by Sir Charles Dilke, "The British Army" (London, 1888), p. 74.

afford a second, and that a wealthy, Alsace on her north-west frontier. Russia has its Poland, Austria its Bosnia, England its Ireland. But a discontented Holland would mean years of trouble to any usurper. It may be we haven't the 'ships,' it may be we haven't the 'men,' but the 'money' — that we have."

Thus while questions relating to national defence have for some time past been actively discussed, with as result a little uneasiness in certain circles, there is nevertheless nothing in the apparent situation in Holland which seems to give anxiety to the people at large. Yet the gravity, in the estimation of many, of the question raised at the beginning of this article is, we trust, sufficient to justify the glance we have given.

SAMUEL RICHARD VAN CAMPEN.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE LAST DAYS OF HEINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DOCTOR G. KARPELES.

"WHEN I walk through the streets the pretty women invariably turn to look after me. My closed eyes (the right one is still about the eighth of an inch open), my sunken cheeks, fantastically cut beard, uncertain gait, all these little details combined give me the appearance of a dying man — which suits me admirably! I assure you I am just now enjoying an immense success as a candidate for Death."

So wrote Heine in the spring of 1847 to Frau Jaubert. All those who visited him in Paris at that period confirm this report, and many are the tales told by them of the terrible ravages made by his illness during the short period of a few months. In spite of this, however, on his good days he was still a convivial companion, and never was better pleased than to offer hospitality to guests with whom he could laugh and jest. "His mind seemed to have remained totally independent of his body, and continued to work with the same untiring energy in a physically ruined dwelling-place, heedless if the roof should give way and crush him." Thus it was that Alfred Meissner, who afterwards became one of his best and most trusted friends, first met him on February 10th, 1847. The circle by which he was then surrounded was chiefly composed of literary Germans who had come to Paris as reporters, and among whom may be found such names as Ludwig Wihl, Hein-

rich Seuffert, L. Kalisch, Karpeles, etc. The intercourse with celebrated French authors and composers had almost entirely died out during those last few years. Only Hector Berlioz visited Heine from time to time, and the ill-fated Gerard de Nerval, the French translator of his poems, remained faithful to him until his death.

In January, 1848, Heine paid his last visit to Frau Jaubert, being borne in his servant's arms from the carriage up the two flights of stairs. But the strain was too great; hardly had he been laid on the sofa when one of his fearful attacks came on, commencing with the brain and agonizing the whole body down to the feet. His terrible sufferings could only be allayed by morphia, which had to be administered in ever-increasing quantities. He himself remarked that he annually consumed about forty pounds' worth of this beneficent drug. A few days after this visit, Heine removed to the *Maison de Santé* of his friend Faultrier in the Rue de Lourcine, and there he passed some time in comparative ease until the first storms of the revolution swept over France, rudely disturbing the sufferer's peace. "Miserable fate," he moaned, "to experience such a revolution in such a position; I should have been either dead or well." All letters and articles written by Heine on the occurrences of the day bear the mark of this same state of mind. The aspirations and actions of the world found no answering echo in his heart. That the first outbreaks should have excited him to such a degree that "his blood ran cold, and his limbs seemed subjected to a galvanic battery," was not surprising. But these feelings soon passed away, leaving in their place only the pessimistical view which saw in all the events of the revolution nothing save "universal monarchy, and a general upsetting of things on earth and things in heaven." To escape the excitement, which in his state was so injurious, Heine gave way to the entreaties of his wife and allowed himself to be transported to Plassy. Much was hoped from this change of air, but very shortly such alarming symptoms showed themselves that he was compelled to return to Paris. A perpetual dread tortured Heine at this time — the fear that his brain would become affected and that he would lose his reason. To all these physical and mental sufferings was added the fact that in consequence of the general disorder prevalent in public affairs he had incurred heavy pecuniary losses. The

shares of the Gouin Bank, in which he had invested his small savings, had become almost worthless, and he was obliged to sell out at a ruinous price. As though illness, revolution, and loss of money were not enough, yet another torture was his, — an unbounded, and most surely an unfounded, jealousy of his wife. One of his doctors relates the following incident: —

What avails our art against the power of an unreasoning love and an uncontrollable jealousy? I know not what false suspicion had taken possession of our patient's mind; I only state the fact. One night he slid, or rather fell from his mattress which was laid on the floor. Exerting all his strength, with the support of his hands he crawled on his stomach to the door of his wife's room, where he fainted away and lay, unconscious, Heaven alone knows how long. . . . He is perfectly well aware that his illness must terminate fatally, and I know for a certainty that his courage has not failed him. He is a most remarkable man, busying himself continually with two problems, — how he can keep the state of his health from his mother's ears, and how he can provide for the future of his wife.

His first medical attendant was one Dr. Sichel, who professed to cure his patients without the aid of medicine; unhappily this system of "faith-healing" did nothing for Heine, and he was forced to have recourse to others; above all to his friend Dr. Wertheim, who had established the Cold Water Cure in Paris. As, however, the latter was too much occupied to give the invalid the necessary time and attention that he required, he was joined in his task by Dr. Gruby, a Hungarian who had long been settled, and held a very high position, in Paris. At the request of both a consultation was held in October of the same year at which two of the greatest medical authorities, Drs. Chomel and Rostan, were present. All four unanimously agreed that but little could be done to ease the sufferer's pain. They urged him to settle in Nizza, but this he at once refused to do, and nothing could induce him to alter his determination. Heine, who possessed truly wonderful powers of endurance, often laughed over the many injunctions and rules laid down for him to follow. "To heal my eyes," said he, "they place blisters on my back." His last removal was to the Rue d'Amsterdam (No. 50), a house which, though not large or elegant, was quiet.

Yet even there he was not free from the visits of curious *litterati* and enthusiastic female admirers; and to contradict the reports circulated by the former in Ger-

many Heine published a most interesting article in several of the leading papers, from which we give the following extract: —

I leave it an open question whether people call my illness by its right name, whether it be a family illness (*i.e.*, an illness inherited from one's ancestors), or one of those attacks to which a German is usually subject when from home. Whether it be a French *ramolissement de la moelle épinière*, or a German consumption of the spine, I care not. I only know that it is a very horrible illness which tortures me by day and by night; shattering not only my nervous system but also my brain-power. In the month of May last year I lay down on my bed from which I shall never rise again. Meanwhile I freely confess a great change has come over me. No longer am I a divine biped; no longer am I the "most liberal German after Goethe" as Ruge styled me in better days; no longer am I the great Heine (No II.) whom people compared to a vine-crowned Bacchus, while they gave to my colleague (No. I.) the title of a grand-ducal Weimarian Jupiter; no longer am I a pleasure-loving, somewhat corpulent Pagan who smiled with cheerful condescension on the dejected Nazarenes. No, — I am only a poor Jew sick unto death, a wasted image of sorrow, a miserable man.

Traces of this strange transformation had appeared in the earliest days of his illness, and had kept pace with it in rapid progress. A friend remarked to Heine how much his conversion was made the subject of discussion and that the world went so far as to declare that he had once again returned to Judaism. "I make no secret of my Jewish proclivities," answered the poet, "to which I have not returned, simply because I never renounced them. I was not baptized from any motives of hatred to the Jews; my atheism was never seriously meant; my former friends, the disciples of Hegel, have proved themselves curs. The misery of mankind is too great. We must *perforce* believe." A better illustration of this change, — better than either letters, articles, or confidences, — is offered by the "Romancero" which comprehends all Heine's poems written during the years 1846-51. This publication created a tremendous sensation, as it seemed to confirm all the statements made in Germany concerning the return of the poet to the old faith. In the epilogue to this volume Heine made many strange disclosures.

Lying on one's death-bed is apt to render one very susceptible and tender-hearted, and one would wish to make one's peace with God and man. I confess that I have scratched



many, bitten many, and have been no saint; but believe me, those much be-praised lambs of meekness would bear themselves less piously did they possess the teeth and claws of the tiger. I can boast that I never used those weapons with which Nature had so bountifully provided me.

Since I myself have been in need of God's mercy, I have conferred an amnesty on all my enemies. Many beautiful poems (directed against persons in very high and very low positions) were for this reason not included in the present collection. Poems containing offensive remarks, however slight, against the Great God Himself, I have condemned to the flames with nervous celerity. Better that the verses should burn than the versifier! Yes, — I have returned to God — like the prodigal son, after tending the swine for so long with the followers of Hegel.

Was it misery that drove me back? Perhaps a less despicable motive — a craving for the Heavenly home awoke in me and drove me forth, forth through forests and ravines, forth over the most precipitous mountain-paths of dialectics. On my way I found the God of the Pantheists, but he could not help me. That poor chimerical being is interlinked and interwoven with the world, imprisoned as it were in the flesh, and stands forth before one's eyes helpless and powerless. When one asks a God who can aid (and that is after all the chief requisition) one must accept His Personality, His exemption from the taint of this earth, and His Holy Attributes — All-Good, All-Wise, All-Just. The immortality of the soul, our resurrection after death, these are thrown in as the butcher throws the marrow-bones without payment into his customer's basket, when content with the purchase made.

More clearly than in this epilogue, and in the "Confessions" which shortly followed, the conversion of the poet cannot be shown. In the days of his illness he sought for some shield to protect himself from his own jests, and found — the Bible. With smiles, pathetic in their exceeding sorrowfulness, he returned to the memories of his youth, and to that Deism which is the fundamental doctrine of Biblical Judaism. The Psalms, so full of consolation, the ingeniously sublime words of faith in the Pentateuch, fascinated him unspeakably and filled his soul with lofty thoughts. As, however, the Bible also contains the book of fundamental pessimism, namely the book of Job, Heine's views of life, despite a steadfast religious conviction, continued to be those of a decided pessimist, indications of which recur in the poems of the "Romancero," as well as in all his productions of this period, which has been cleverly styled the "cynical elegiac period." Child-like faith,

wild scepticism, constant love, restless hate, fiery enthusiasm, chilling apathy, ideal loftiness of intuitive feeling, trivial coarseness of wit, artless delight in nature, and inflexible pessimism, all these contradictions seemed to unite in this one individuality; the combination offering a mysterious, inexplicable, but beautiful whole. To quote a strikingly appropriate saying of Berlioz: "It was as though the poet turned back at the entrance of his grave to contemplate and sneer once again at the world in which he no longer had a share."

At times when the physical agony of that long martyrdom asserted its dreadful power, the desponding views of life preponderated, to which the poet gave shuddering expression in demoniacal conceptions, in poems fraught with horror, in weird visions, and in imaginations of frightful beauty. "It is a wail from the grave," Heine himself said of his last poems, — "the cry of one buried alive, the despairing lamentation of a corpse, or of the tomb itself, which echoes through the still night air." Numerous friends who sought out Heine during the last years of his life brought these tidings back to the Fatherland. His brothers, Gustave and Maximilian Heine, together with his sister, Charlotte von Embden, saw Heinrich once again on his bed of sickness. But in general the isolation of the poet became greater as time went on. Karoline Jaubert, the Princess Belgiojoso, the Russian Countess Kalergis, Lady Duff Gordon, and, above all, the mysterious being who flits across the pages of his memoirs only to disappear without leaving any trace behind — these were the only friends who cheered his dying hours.

This young lady to whom we have just made allusion was by birth a German, who from her earliest youth had lived in Paris. She first became acquainted with the poet through the medium of a musical composition, and Heine, who was greatly delighted with this lovable and charming young girl, became so fond of her that it was not long before she became absolutely necessary to him. A peculiar intimacy arose between the dying poet and the beautiful and enthusiastic admirer, — one of those intimacies which may perplex the mind of a psychologist, but to which a literary connoisseur would immediately find a parallel in the relation of the aged Goethe to Ulrike von Levetzow. Each particular detail of this friendship is of great interest and may now be read in the memoirs which, since the considerations

and scruples of youth have given place to the more mature reflections of age, have been given to the public by the lady herself under the name of "Camilla Selden." Being in the habit of using a seal on which was engraven a fly, Heine always called her *La Mouche*, and till a short time ago she was known only by this title. A touching impression is made by the little notes written to her by Heine,—notes full of yearning love, impassioned desire, and pain. The postscript usually consisted of a laconic communication regarding his hopeless condition. *La Mouche* was his faithful friend, spending day and night by his bedside, reading to him, writing his letters, correcting the French edition of his works, and becoming the object of his most devoted attachment.

At that time, 1855, his condition had indeed become hopeless, and as he lay there in the lonely, sleepless nights, an infinite craving for his mother and sister filled his soul. Adventurous plans crossed his fevered brain; he would have a carriage built and padded with mattresses, and so reach home to breathe his last in the arms of those loved ones of his childhood. Seeing the impracticability of this idea he dispatched the most urgent letters, imploring his sister Charlotte to come to him. About the end of October his wishes were fulfilled and she started for Paris under the escort of her brother Gustave. The joy of seeing this beloved sister again was indescribable. Her bed had to be placed in the immediate vicinity of the sick-room, and many nights when waked from sleep by the agonized moans of her brother, she would hurry to his side to soothe and console him. The illness of one of her children forced her to return to Hamburg about the end of December. At the parting, which was heartbreaking, Heine told her that by his will he had left the disposition of his writings and papers to her son Ludwig. He gave her many verbal instructions regarding these latter, and expressed a wish that his nephew should come to Paris to discuss many questions of importance with him. This wish was, however, frustrated by his unexpected death a few weeks later.

Next to his own kith and kin it was his Mathilde whose presence made the only bright spot in the fearful darkness of his affliction. "He often assures me," writes Frau Jaubert, "that many times her fresh, clear voice had called him back into life, when his soul was hovering on the borders of the unknown land of shadows. If the bird-like tones of his wife in

the adjoining room broke in on the quiet of the sick-chamber, Heine would pause and listen, a pleasant smile would cross his lips, and he would remain silent till the sound had died away. Such moments heralded the birth of those strange, grand poems dedicated to Mathilde, to *La Mouche*, and those "Last Poems and Thoughts," which first appeared twenty years later to complete the picture of the poet in so remarkable a manner."

Till the end Heine worked at his memoirs; begun in early life, afterwards burnt, and finally recommenced. But only a portion, namely a sketch of his youth, has as yet been given to the world, notwithstanding prolonged struggles between the members of the family, and a bitter war of words carried on by the leading journals. When one compares the recollections of his boyhood, published in the *Reisebilder*, the fresh-colored, dashing sentences alive with humor, with the faded records of the older man, so surely the reader will perceive a great and undeniable contrast, and will comprehend the degree of disappointment which the latter called forth. These fragmentary memoirs include an account of Heine's education (1810-1816) and make much the same impression as an old photograph with the features half blotted out, and only the outlines of the misty figure to be traced.

Meanwhile the loneliness increased around the dying man, and his illness slowly but surely crept on apace, destroying one organ after another in its deadly progress. In the beginning of the year 1856 it was clear that the end was at hand. The attacks of spasms became more frequent, and even morphia lost its efficacy.

One day Frau Jaubert visited him in the forenoon; no one was in the ante-chamber, and the door of the sick-room stood open. A terrible sight met her eyes. Heine's bed had just been made, and one of the nurses in attendance was in the act of carrying him in her arms from the *chaise longue* to the mattress. His body, which had been wasted away in the long suffering, was as that of a mere child; his feet hung down lifeless, and were so distorted that the heel was turned in the place of the instep. This was the last meeting between the two friends. He talked with her as usual, but a strong religious element marked the conversation. Again and again he quoted a saying of La Bruyère on death. As she was taking leave of him, he held her hand for some moments, and then said: "Do not remain

too long away, my friend, it would be imprudent."

The next day La Mouche visited him for the last time. "Push back your hat a little that I may see you better," he said, with a caressing gesture, as she rose to go. Then with trembling earnestness he called after her, "Till to-morrow, then, till to-morrow, be sure not later."

During the following night repeated faintings, convulsions, and severe sickness made it obvious to all that this attack would prove fatal. The next day, however, he was in full possession of his intellectual powers, and even commenced writing the first paragraphs of a new will. The nurse, Katherine Bourlois, besought him to rest, but he put her aside with the words, "I have four more days' work to do; then my task is finished." To the last he retained his love of humor, and when asked by a friend how he stood with God, he answered with a smile, "Do not disturb yourself; *Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier.*"

Thus the Saturday came round, and the symptoms grew yet more alarming. Heine asked the doctor if the end was near. Dr. Gruby felt that it would be wrong to conceal the truth, and the patient heard the verdict with perfect composure. The weakness increased rapidly. In the afternoon, between four and five o'clock, he whispered the word "write" three times, and then cried out for paper and pencil—these were his last words. On the night of February 17th, at a quarter to five, he passed away. Mathilde who had gone to lie down at one o'clock, saw her husband only after his eyes were closed forever.

"They took me into a quiet room," writes La Mouche of her last sight of the beloved friend, "where the corpse lay like a statue, enwrapped in the sublime tranquillity of death. No longer anything earthly in those cold features. No longer any trace to remind one of that spirit which had loved, hated, and suffered. An antique mask, on which the icy hand of Death had imprinted the stillness of a proud indifference, a countenance of marble, the beautiful contour of which brought to one's mind the most sublime masterpieces of Grecian art. Thus I saw him for the last time."

The funeral took place on February 20th, a cold and foggy day, at eleven o'clock. About one hundred mourners followed the coffin to the cemetery of Montmartre, where the leafless elms bent shivering before the keen wind. The procession was headed by A. Heine and Josef Cohen,

who were joined by the friends of the poet. Among the Frenchmen who, in common with the little crowd of German emigrants, had assembled to pay him the last tribute of respect, were Mignet and Théophile Gautier. On the way Alexandre Dumas took his place in the ranks, and silently they proceeded to their destination, and silently they watched the mortal remains of Heine laid in their last resting-place. His own sad words were indeed verified.

No masses shall the stillness break,  
When hence my soul its flight shall take;  
No holy chant, no psalm arise,  
When cold this shrouded body lies.

In that part of the cemetery consigned to exiles and outlaws sleeps Heinrich Heine. No grand monument, only a simple tablet inscribed with his name, marks the lonely tomb of the German poet. There, since 1883, Mathilde, faithful in death as in life, rests with her husband.

It may be well to add that only since Heine's decease has he been justly appreciated by the German nation, who now honor in him their greatest lyric poet after Goethe. His writings have exercised a great influence on the development of literature; his prose works form an important addition to the history of art, and his poems will live until the language in which they are composed becomes extinct. With prophetic foresight Heine foretold his life, his vocation, and his fate in the lines of that sublime ode which may be chosen as a fitting conclusion to this brief sketch.

I am the sword! I am the flame! I have been a light to you in your darkness, and when the battle raged, I took my place in the front ranks. Around me lie the corpses of my friends, but *we* are victorious. In the exultant songs of triumph wail the notes of the funeral dirge! The trumpets sound afresh! On,—on to the new conflict! I am the sword! I am the flame!

From Chambers' Journal.

#### DISCOVERY OF AN EARLY CHRISTIAN HOUSE AT ROME.

A DISCOVERY has been made of a unique description within the walls of ancient Rome, and that is of a house which belonged to Christians of the fourth century, as perfect as any of those that have been exhumed at Pompeii and Herculaneum. The house, with its painted halls, its baths, its cellars, its corridors, owes its preservation to very peculiar circumstances.

In A.D. 361, Julian — commonly known as the apostate because he renounced Christianity and labored to revive paganism — was desirous of having about his person and in his palaces only such men as sympathized with him. There were on his accession two chamberlains of the palace in Rome, named John and Paul, who were Christians. As they refused to renounce their religion, Julian sent orders that they should be strangled in their own house, buried in their cellar; and he gave out to the world that they had been banished. The truth, however, came out through their servants; and when a crowd of Christians went to visit their place of burial, soldiers were sent to disperse them and drive them from the house, three of them, two men and a woman, being killed.

Julian reigned but one year and eight months; and his successor, Jovian, a Christian, at once gave orders that a basilica, or church, should be erected over their tomb. This was done by a senator named Pammachius, the friend of Saint Jerome, son of the man to whom the commission was given. Later, in the Lombard invasion, the church was ruined, and was not rebuilt till the twelfth century.

Now it has been discovered that what Pammachius did was to use the old house, laying the floor of his church on the level of the first story, incorporating the walls into his church, and filling up all the ground floor with earth and stones, so as to assure a solid foundation for his pavement. All he really did in transformation was to knock away the floor above, and knock out one end of the house for the purpose of building an apse. Not only so; but when, in the twelfth century, Nicholas Breakspear, the English pope, rebuilt the church, he used all that remained of the earlier buildings, without altering them or destroying anything. But he had certainly no idea that under the floor was an almost intact ancient Christian mansion, though his builders must have found walls below the surface, which they strengthened, and built upon for their new structure. Unfortunately, side chapels were constructed in the seventeenth century, when the foundations were carried through the disturbed soil to the rock beneath.

The Padre Germano was the first to suspect what lay buried. He observed, on close examination of the south wall of the church, that it exhibited the peculiar appearance of the side of a modern house in a street of Edinburgh or London or

Rome, with two rows of windows, one above the other, and a basement of arches. The whole were walled up with Roman bricks; but nevertheless were, when examined, found to contain unmistakably the side of a house rising at one end to the height of thirty-six feet. In the lower story or basement were six arches. Seventeen feet above appeared the line of a floor, and that is the level of the actual floor of the church. The hill-side slopes rapidly from east to west, so that the level at the portico of the church to the east is seventeen or eighteen feet above the level of the ground at the west end. Above this arcaded basement appeared thirteen windows, all blocked with relieving arches in brick over them; and above these, again, signs of a second floor eleven feet six inches approximately; and then a row of thirteen more windows with their heads knocked off, and the wall of the church rising above and out of these broken windows.

Here, clearly, was the façade of an ancient house, consisting of a ground floor and two upper stories, and this could only have been the house of the chamberlains, for from the fifth century there is documentary evidence as to the existence of a church on the spot. Moreover, on close inspection it appeared that the house had extended farther to the west by one more bay; but this had been destroyed when the basilica was built, the rugged ends of the wall being left.

The Padre Germano having come to the conclusion that he had found the façade of the house of the martyred chamberlains, next conjectured that the basement story remained fairly intact below the floor of the church. He proceeded to appeal for funds, and began to dig; by the spring of 1889 he had cleared out several vaulted chambers; and after some delay, caused by failure of funds, work has been resumed, and further discoveries will doubtless be made.

He soon proved to have come on the principal rooms of the house, the reception and dining rooms, and these have revealed walls painted richly in a style no way inferior to the best work at Pompeii. The plan of the house is very curious and intricate, and differs a good deal from the ordinary plan of a Roman house, the difference being probably occasioned by the rapid fall of the ground, on the slope of Monte Celio, where the house of the chamberlains stood.

So far, four large chambers have been cleared, as well as two smaller ones —

divans, we may call them—and a great deal of that portion of the house devoted to domestic purposes. One noble hall has a frieze of eleven nude figures holding festoons of flowers and fruit, each figure about three feet six inches high, drawn with perfect grace and mastery. Between the figures are peacocks and ducks pacing in easy attitudes, and birds fly above the garlands. The vaulting of this chamber is covered with an intricate pattern of vines trailing in all directions, with children picking grapes and scaring birds. One bird has pounced on a mouse, and is pecking it to death. This chamber belonged almost certainly to the house of the brothers' parents, and the painting to a period before the family embraced Christianity, not that there is any particular heathen symbol in the decoration, or that the early Christians objected to representations of the nude, but that the quality of the drawing is superior to the age of Constantine, and is determined to belong to the third century at the latest.

The *tablinum* or grand reception-room of the house, however, leaves no doubt as to the religion of the owners of the house. On the vault is represented Moses removing his shoes before he approaches the burning bush, also a woman with hands uplifted in prayer. In two places in the house are paintings representing a vessel of milk and two sheep, one approaching, the other turning away—a well-known symbolic representation found in the Catacombs, the vessel signifying the "sincere milk of the Word," which some receive and others reject.

The Padre Germano observed that the plaster of the wall, the plaster laid on to receive the painted decorations, was in one place raised in a sort of blister. He picked it, and from under the plaster came forth a leaden seal with the initials of Christ thereon. The Romans were wont to lay leaden seals stamped with the image of the emperor in the foundations of their buildings. Here the plasterers must have held the leaden seal with the symbol of their Heavenly King with one finger against the wall, whilst they plastered over it, to fix it in place, to show to after ages that the work had been done by Christians.

Two rooms were void of paintings; all the plaster had been picked off, and there were scratched figures and names on the wall: a ship—"Mayst thou live"—the names of visitors, some in Greek. Padre Germano concluded that this portion of the house must have been left open after the church was built; and that the plaster

had been picked off by pilgrims. He conjectured, therefore, that he must be near the place of interment; and before long that was discovered, in the cellar, where was not only the white marble cist or box in which the bodies of the martyrs had been placed, but also a triangular corner table of white marble, standing on a marble pillar, with a hollow sunk like a basin in the top—in fact, the oil lamp that burnt before their tomb. About this there is to be noted the curious fact that Pope Gregory the Great—the same who sent missionaries to England at the close of the sixth century—sent a present of relics to Theodelinda, queen of the Lombards, and among them was "oil from the confession of Saints John and Paul," that is, oil taken from this identical lamp.

This cellar having been cleared of earth, Padre Germano noticed that the vault above had been rudely cut through, forming a rough, hexagonal hole. Moreover, steps were found leading upwards; and these, on being cleared, led to a passage, at the end of which was a window with a grating, exactly over the place of burial of the martyrs. This was the window through which pilgrims let down ribbons to touch the tomb. But what was peculiarly interesting here was a series of paintings, representing on one side the martyrdom, on the other the figures of the martyrs themselves, and others, perhaps Pammachius himself and his wife, bringing baskets of offerings in their hands. As these paintings certainly belong to his time, and as he was a contemporary with the martyrs, it is not impossible that we have in this series actual portraits. That the ancient Romans were very particular about their family portraits we know; and indeed, already one white marble bust belonging to the family series has been found in this buried house.

Among the many objects of interest found besides, we can only notice that two of the wine-jars in the cellar have been found stamped with the Christian symbol; wine was probably contained in them set apart for sacred purposes.

In conclusion, we must point out that this discovery is absolutely unique. Many heathen mansions have been disinterred; but this is the only house that has been found that unmistakably belonged to Christians. In another way it is unique: it is the sole extant sample of a three-storied Roman house. One was uncovered at Pompeii, but the walls fell. Here the walls are intact, built into those of a church.



From Murray's Magazine.  
AN OLD LETTER FROM THE BALTIC.

BY LADY EASTLAKE.

YOUNG ladies nowadays are allowed, or perhaps compelled, to do many things which would have made their grandmothers' hair stand on end. In the ever-increasing work and business of our time, chaperons and escorts cannot be found for every step in life, and the young lady would be left hopelessly behind in the race if not supposed to be able to take very good care of herself. It is true there is a tradition of a gentle traveller whose "maiden smile," despite the gems she wore, "lighted her safely round the Green Isle." It might be safer now to try the experiment without either the gems or the smile; still, we should be sorry to despair of its success. Meanwhile our young American cousins are reported to touch the extremest verge of social freedom, and to touch it—to the credit, be it said, of all parties—with perfect impunity. In my young days, however, a prohibitive tariff of protection prevailed, and still more in the case I am about to relate, which occurred in a foreign country not far from the North Pole. For I was sojourning in the little German capital of R— on the shores of the Baltic, and was engaged for peremptory reasons to proceed to St. Petersburg, and that in the depth of a severe winter, with the days about three hours long and the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. Of course this could not be undertaken without an escort, and that of an unimpeachable kind. The standard of unmarried female decorum was stringent in little R—, indeed to be an unmarried young lady at all was in that part of the world considered a position of doubtful propriety. By the laws of the German language such an anomaly is not supposed to exist; no feminine word being found in any German dictionary which expresses such an awkward fact. The woman alone who has, or has had, or is even engaged to have a husband, is entitled to bear the noun-substantive feminine, while for those unfortunate derelicts whose lot is cast outside that privileged class, there exist, as all German scholars can testify, but two neuter words, and those of doubtful courtesy.

Certain ideas of emancipation, however, are attached to the English in Russia, whether feminine or neuter, but being aware that my plans at best were only a matter of sufferance to my foreign relatives and friends, I was the more anx-

ious to leave all the arrangements for my journey to a married committee of safety of both sexes. Nor was this passiveness quite without merit on my part, for what with their scruples, their indecisions, and their disagreements, it became rather difficult for me to sit with my hands before me.

The plan chalked out for me was that I and my female attendant, Maschinka, a worthy elderly Russian maid, like myself of the neuter gender, should take a *kibitka*, or covered sledge, for ourselves, and join company with any other *kibitka* going the same route. But who that *kibitka* should contain was still the knotty point, and finding the arrangements more difficult than had been expected, one after another of my "many friends" fell off, and I was left to the special offices of my noble host who, to do him justice, exerted himself unremittingly to secure the desired end. But though many escorts were heard of, none were chosen. One was going a month too late; another had started a day too soon; a third traveller was a bachelor, and therefore out of the question; a fourth was a widower, and therefore just as improper; and a fifth, who promised well in every respect, was found to be starting from instead of going to the desired bourne. Nevertheless, my host was noways discouraged; on the contrary the slightest expression of doubt as to his ultimate success was received as a personal slur, and every discussion wound up with assurances of his securing all that was wanted, provided the whole affair was left to his guidance. Meanwhile I was warned that three difficulties were to be expected on the way. There was a road, but at this time fathoms deep under snow; there were post-houses, but these unfit for a lady to enter; and there were post-horses, but those difficult to get.

We were now within a week of the latest day fixed for the journey. New Year's day, my utmost term, in spite of the twelve days' respite of old style, graciously retained by the czar for the convenience of his subjects, was inexorably approaching. Every night and morning did Maschinka, who looked eagerly forward to visiting St. Petersburg, enquire when the Sudārīna thought that we should start. Alas! her Sudārīna was as ignorant as herself, though not perhaps more impatient. At length public report announced the approaching departure of the Admiralinn P. with family and suite for St. Petersburg, and all my late committee were now so eager to have the credit of

imparting this intelligence that, within an hour and a half, I received it from ten different quarters. It was now settled, *nem. con.*, that my kibitka should join her party, and thus profit by the help of her many menservants in procuring horses. And then the Admiralinn's ears must have burnt, for no end of praise was poured upon her. She was the best woman in the world, so obliging! so unselfish! *eine ächte deutsche Frau!* etc., etc.; and off went my noble friend to enter into arrangements for me. He was gone rather long, and returned rather embarrassed. It was evident that the lady had not that regard for the national character that had been reported. Through a delicate network of pretty speeches she had at length made my friend understand, and through the same he at length made me understand, that her servants would be too much occupied to attend to any one beyond her own party; that of course she should take the first chance of post-horses herself, and that if, as probably by this arrangement, I should be left upon the road, it would be impossible for her to wait for me. This concluded the treaty; a dignified message declining her escort was sent, and in no time the Admiralinn P. was stripped of every good quality.

Three days now passed slowly away, and I began to think my chances desperate, when my host, entering with a beaming smile, announced an escort so delightful in every respect as to more than compensate for all previous disappointments. This proved to be Count D., the highest and richest noble in the province, who had so successfully studied the art of comfort that once seated in his luxurious kibitka no one ever wished to get out of it again. The man too was perfection, his age mature, his character unimpeachable, his wife alive, and he starting for St. Petersburg the next morning alone. I was now congratulated in good earnest — the count was so superior a person — all in fact that the Admiralinn should have been, and was not. A little eccentric, perhaps, but this would entertain me on the road. It was a pity, perhaps, that I had not already known him, or he me, but this was no matter, and nothing was necessary but that I should apprise him of the honor that awaited him. So off went my noble intermediary again, bidding me have everything in readiness. For some occult reason I did not share his expectations, and I was not deceived. On his return my friend dryly gave me to understand that the negotiation had failed; and

by a certain mystery of manner conveyed the impression that I was answerable for my own disappointment. How could that be? I ransacked my conscience in vain for some sense of misconduct. My English manners, I admitted, were sometimes too audacious for German punctilio. I had been known to sit on a sofa, and to wear a little morning cap — both of which were crimes in an unmarried woman; but then the count had never witnessed either offence. What could it be? Still my friend kept the same reproachful air, but acknowledged that it was perhaps more a female than an individual peccadillo. In short, the count dared not undertake the responsibility of the immense quantity of luggage which English ladies always carried about with them. All argument was in vain, the good man was inexorable — he had read it in a book.

My companion's ardor was now abating. He threw out hints of the impropriety of young ladies wanting to travel at all, and the absurdity of their expecting to find escorts; and I was left to muse on the inconsistency of man, in no very placable mood. Just at this crisis tidings were brought of another *Gelegenheit*, or opportunity. My informant was the impatient Maschinka, who had not been idle in enquiry, and the escort she recommended was no other than the widow of a respectable tallow-chandler who carried on the business in the next street. Nothing could be more convenient! In the vulgarity of my English heart I did not see why the tallow-chandler's widow was not as good a protector as Count D., and incautiously expressed myself to that effect. This sealed my doom! I was now informed in a few courteous words that I was at liberty to travel with whom I pleased. Accordingly to the tallow-shop I went — found a cheerful, elderly woman with a red, good-humored face, to whom my errand was quickly explained, and received with unmistakable good-will. It was soon settled that we should hire a kibitka between us, large enough to accommodate our three selves, while her son, a sturdy lad of fifteen, should share the postilion's seat; and she answered for his getting post-horses more surely than any of the smart servants of the *hohe Herrschaften*. The secret of this appeared to consist equally in her acquaintance with many of the postmasters, and in their acquaintance with her candles — which she assured me possessed peculiar properties for dispelling Russian darkness.

On returning home, I found good-humor

quite restored to my noble friend, who now only gave me signs of our late passage of arms by sundry allusions to grocery and tallow-chandlery, whether in or out of season. Of course I took them with equal good-humor, and had the comfort of lying down with less anxiety than I had felt for many a night. All went well now. Maschinka was as busy as a bee, and officiated between my worthy escort and myself on various questions relating to luggage and stowage, and to the provision-basket. A *padaroshna*, or ticket of the road, was secured for the party, and if ever I felt certain of starting next day on a journey, and that with a tallow-chandler's widow, it was now. But *l'homme propose*, and proposes in vain. During the night the good woman, whose bright and shining countenance seemed to me a type of her wares, was seized with an apoplectic fit, and when morning came, lay in a state which pointed to that journey which all must take alone. I was greatly shocked — all the household sympathized — pride broke down before humanity; even my worthy host lamented for my sake that the good lady's fit had not befallen her after, instead of before, the journey. Upon which, to show the real feelings of the man, he himself repaired to her dwelling, and brought me word with a smile of kindness that under proper treatment the poor woman was regaining consciousness and was expected to recover.

I now felt indifferent to the very subject of my journey, but my friends would not give it up, and the conversation naturally falling on cases of sudden seizure, some one mentioned the distress that General H. and his family were suffering at the tidings of their eldest boy's sudden illness at St. Petersburg, which they had received only that morning. My good emissary now rose, flung his bear-skin around him, and left the house, and this being the usual hour for joining his club, no observation was excited. In half an hour he returned, bringing with him an elderly military man, whose strong likeness to the Duke of Wellington was enough to prepossess any Englishwoman in his favor. "I have redeemed my promise at last," said my friend, presenting General H. to me, who informed me that in consequence of their anxiety, his wife, being a better nurse, he added, than himself, was immediately starting for Petersburg, and would be thankful for my companionship. He had already engaged a kibitka for the Generalinn, whose sole companion was to be a trusty German manservant, and pro-

posed that my maid and their man should follow in another kibitka, to be taken on my account. Accordingly, accompanied by the two gentlemen, I proceeded to her house, and was introduced to a woman of singularly pleasing exterior, with more beauty than is usually retained in this part of the world by the mother of eight children, and with manners to which her anxiety gave a gentle charm. She confirmed all her husband's courteous expressions, and was as thoughtful for my comfort, and more need not be said, as my poor tallow-chandleress had been.

I returned home in good-humor with all mankind — with the Admiralinn P., with Count D., with my noble friend — with all; and found Maschinka, to acquaint her with the good news. On arriving, however, at that part of the arrangement which concerned herself, her countenance fell; the Tartar lips, which revealed her ethnological descent, protruded more than usual, and symptoms of temper became unmistakable. "*Chto teper?*" "What now?" I said. "Does not this suit you?" At first no answer, and a further protrusion of the lips; then, by the rising tones I gathered that the plan of the second kibitka was the hitch. She had no objection whatever to go in the same vehicle with myself, but for an unmarried woman to travel day and night with a man, and that a *gruboi Nyemki*, a coarse German, was *ne chesti*, not honest — or rather not respectable — and she always had been respectable, and always meant to keep so; and by this time she had attained an exaltation of voice which was pretty audible all over the house. This was too bad, and after all my vicissitudes too! I must here explain that Maschinka was no chicken. She had entered the service of the family with whom I was staying at the ostensible age of thirty-five, and that fifteen years ago, and by some curious mental arithmetic, had remained at the same age ever since. Maschinka, it is true, remembered many a victory over her young mistress, but this time she was mistaken. For, inspired by the sense of returning fortune, I set before her in plain language the comparative advantage of travelling to St. Petersburg as I wished, or not travelling there at all. "Nonsense about your respectability," I said. "Why, you are old enough to be his *Maminka*." And having fired this shot in my best Russian, I retreated, and left her to her reflections.

The hour of starting had been fixed for eight that evening. Meanwhile the weather had altered for the worse, and a

heavy fall of snow was exchanged for east wind and drift. Our respective authorities, therefore, interposed, and the horses were put off till nine the next morning. Having thus the prospect of a few hours of rest, I began to survey the wardrobe, which, by the laws of polar travelling, I was doomed to convey to Petersburg upon my own person. To judge from the goodly array, spread out before me, it was sufficient to clothe a large family—the more so as the number consisted not so much in a variety, as in a repetition of the same article. I counted not less than twenty-nine incumbrances of one sort or another. Involuntarily I heaved a sigh, which Maschinka wrongly interpreted and produced two veils, and three pairs of gloves, which she was preparing for service. By this time the cloud had passed away, whether owing to my firmness, or to a glimpse of a good-looking young man who had brought a note from the general, I will not presume to decide, and all was peace and harmony. Next morning I was visited betimes by two kind female friends, bent on assisting me in the mysteries of my polar costume. My readers may wonder why that task was not left to my maid, but they forget that she was dressing *herself*! When my toilet was about half completed they allowed me to sit down and take an excellent breakfast, and then continued their work as unconcerned as if I had been the mummy I felt like. Sometimes in their zeal one made an omission which the other discovered, and both began to unbuild a few layers. Then one gave a violent pull, and I was nearly upset; and then both pulled different ways, and I recovered my equilibrium. My head, which was meanwhile being ensconced in a kind of trench, so deep that it might reasonably have hoped to escape observation, was for obvious reasons attacked last. First a tight woollen cap was drawn on, pulled down over the ears, and fastened under the chin. Then a warm handkerchief was passed with a curious twist flat across the forehead as low as the eyebrows, down along the cheeks, crossed upon the chin, and secured at the back of the neck. At this stage my "dressers" both halted for a minute, and took leave of me, which consisted in kissing such parts of my face as were still get-at-able. This, I thought, was the conclusion of the ceremony, but, before I could speak, the tallest of my female Thugs had passed a folded handkerchief directly over the bridge of my nose, leaving a narrow chink for eyes

above and mouth below, and tied it tight behind. Then came another woollen cap with full border, and over that again the regular wadded sledge-hat, with two thick veils, green and black. In short, I was fairly buried alive, and considered myself fortunate in being able to keep my lungs playing, and in stealing a glance now and then over the walls of my prison. In this condition I was led down-stairs—a spectacle to gods and men—while a short, tottering mass waddled after me. The kibitkas stood at the door—the foremost with three horses, the other with two. In a corner of the first sat a misshapen pile, which I was given to understand was the Generalinn, but which for aught I could discern might just as well have been her gallant husband. As I approached, however, the mass assumed an undulatory movement—a curtain of veils was lifted, and a three-cornered slip of countenance revealed which, even in this disguise, looked kindly on me. I was soon seated by her side, and we jingled together out of the town gates.

And now being fairly off, it is as well to describe the machine in which we were thus ensconced. A kibitka is a vehicle something like a barouche, coarsely made of unpainted wood. It contains one deep and low seat, with a hood covered outside with bass-matting, and apron and curtains of the same. On this seat you sink in an almost recumbent position, while under, over, and round you are stuffed down-cushions and fur-bags till you lie as snug as a jewel in cotton wool. Besides your two selves a good kibitka has space within for all your luggage. Outside a bag or *schamardan* (portmanteau) would have as little chance from the snatch of a Russian, as the poor drifted-up dead horse from the jaws of the wolf. The horses are of a piece with the equipage—rugged, strong, and serviceable, and the same may be said of your driver, who wraps his ragged sheep-skin round him, jumps on the board over your feet and makes his team go fast enough. Beyond the framework of our vehicle the scene was dreary—the country a flat, white waste—the cold intense, and a ceaseless drift curling like smoke about two feet above the surface of the snow. Both position and clothing were unfavorable to conversation. It was with difficulty that either of us could speak; and quite a chance if either of us could hear. After a few attempts, therefore, we jingled on in silence. At first I was very warm, but before we had proceeded many wersts a chilling sensation crept down

one side, and soon my left arm felt as if it were exposed bare to the cutting blast. I raised my veils and peeped through my visor, over my fur collars, and down the goodly declivity of my shoulder — no aperture was visible — my cloaks were doing their duty. Somehow, however, the wind was eddying in and stealing my caloric. I nestled deeper down, and endeavored to stifle the enemy, but in vain, and by the time we reached the first post-house — a distance of twenty-five wersts — I was so chilled as to suffer inconvenience. On entering the warm room we immediately threw off our heavier garments, loosed our head-gear, drew off half-a-dozen pairs of gloves between us, and then cordially shook hands; and Maschinka bringing in the indispensable provision-basket, we sat down to a refreshing meal. This time with the assistance and experience of the Generalinn the previous flaws in my costume were rectified. It was not, however, till several posts had elapsed that I attained the requisite art of defence, and could say with truth: —

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude.

Nor is it! not even a Russian one.

By this time evening was creeping on — the lulling sound of our bells, the ease and quiescence of our position, all concluded to sleep, while our warm breath formed a self-defence by the thin glaze of frost it spread upon our veils. At intervals I roused up, put aside one corner to survey the white desert in which we seemed the only vital spark, and wonder when these wilds would be redeemed for the use of man. The horses were jingling along at a steady pace, the Polar Star shone bright above our driver's *foutraschka* (cap), and I turned again to sleep, and to dreams of a warmer clime. We now no longer disturbed ourselves to alight at the post-houses, and were periodically aroused, less by the halting of the vehicle than by the cessation of the bells. Sometimes one of us spoke, but found the other too torpid to reply, and sometimes we exchanged a few enquiries respecting warmth, comfort, and progress.

As morning began to dawn, the road, if a mere track, which the passing drift effaced, could be so called, became more clogged with snow. A succession of drifts presented a very unequal surface, and the kibitka labored up and down, now declining on one side, now on the other, with a motion by no means pleasant. For

some time these joltings accommodated themselves to my dreams, and intruded no further on my consciousness, when suddenly I felt myself falling, woke with a start, and found the kibitka lying fathoms deep on my side, while my companion slumbered composedly upon me. The voices of Daniel the servant and of the driver now sounded close to my ear, and then, all at once, we were lifted up with such a vigorous effort as sent the vehicle over to the other side, and well-nigh turned the tables on my companion. To his mistress's enquiries Daniel replied that we had been "in a very bad hole." As the rawness of the morning was now added to the excessive cold, we gladly availed ourselves, at the sacrifice of all light, of our curtains of bass-matting. The track continued still so heavy that a foot's pace was all that could be gained, and meanwhile we dozed on in vacuity.

It was ten o'clock before we reached the next post-house, where we gladly turned out for breakfast. Here we remained to rest and refresh ourselves as far as the dirt, and wretched accommodation of the house permitted. Maschinka was in good spirits, and to my interrogations replied that she had no fault to find with her fellow-traveller, except that he took up much room, and *otchen krepko chrepell* — in good English snored very loudly! So ludicrous was this idea, that no sense of decorum availed, and by the fits of laughter which ensued Maschinka was flattered into believing that she had said something unusually happy. Even my companion's depression gave way, and when Daniel entered for orders it was difficult to preserve proper composure.

We now resumed our life in the kibitka, stuffed in, tucked up, and fastened down by the useful Daniel, and having in consideration of the deeper snow taken four horses, we started at a brisker pace. The white waste still lay before us, far as the eye could reach — destitute alike of habitation for man, or cover for beast. The air was milder, our sleepiness had been fairly slept out, and we felt mutually disposed to talk. Ours was an interesting position — country, education, habits, with their innumerable concomitants — wide apart. Nothing in our outward lives in which the one might not discover something new — nothing in our deeper experience in which the other might not find something familiar. The customs new, the humanities familiar. But each had to take the other as she found her; equally unprejudiced and unprepossessed by any



sign from without. Even dress and physiognomy, those two first sign-posts on the road, were wanting here, for who could judge her neighbor beneath the masquerade each had assumed? All examination therefore was restricted to the inner man, and each entered upon it with the zest of an explorer entering a new country. As yet my companion had alluded but little to that anxiety to which her whole bearing bore witness, and I, a stranger and a junior, was too shy to obtrude the sympathy to which it was for her to lead the way. But she turned the conversation in my direction, asking me many questions about England, and, I hope, believed my assurances that not one half of the extraordinary ideas current about that mysterious land in the Baltic provinces, which, as with Count D., were defended on the score of having been "read in a book," were entitled to credit.

We had now entered a more varied country, caught occasional glimpses of the frozen gulf—cut off seven wersts from one post by crossing a lake whose flat, white surface bordered with hilly banks, and fringed with the frosted pines, offered a beautiful winter picture—and passed a few wooden houses arranged with taste, and evidently tenanted by families of opulence. It was midnight when we reached a station rather more tidy within than its predecessors—they are all fair enough without. Here as no horses were ready we determined to rest a few hours. The sleeping-apartment was distinguished by a bedstead of unusual length, provided, we were assured, expressly for the accommodation of the emperor Nicholas, and for the governor of the province, two of the tallest men in the empire. In right of my superior stature the Generalinn assigned to me the couch of honor, while she threw herself on one of humbler dimensions. But the emperor's bed, wide and comfortless like his empire, gave but little rest to the uncrowned head which lay upon it.

At six o'clock, Daniel, who had tied the two kibitkas together before the door of the post-house, and slept in his own in order to protect both from robbery, entered for orders, and after taking a cup of hot coffee, which even in the lowest tavern is excellent, we started afresh. And now began a torment which will be recognized with painful accuracy by all familiar with Russian winter travelling. Our road was the great thoroughfare from those provinces whence most of the brandy which is the crown's monopoly is supplied. This

brandy is all sent to the capital by land carriage; a barrel to a sledge. These transports, generally a file of a hundred sledges in succession, are the greatest nuisances to travellers; not only from the difficulty of turning out of the track for them, or they for you, and from the incivility, drunkenness, or sleepiness of the drivers, but for the following reasons. Snow generally lies on a road, especially when bordered by tree or fences, in wave-like drifts. Hence a succession of sledges, all heavy alike, and each following in exactly the same track, will by the time a hundred have passed, have worn the road into a series of hills and valleys, which, unless fresh snow falls, renders the passage very wearisome to the healthy, and to the weak and infirm very injurious. In this part of the world snow had not fallen for several days; several transports of brandy had preceded us, and we entered upon a succession of ridges above six feet in depth, and as regular as a ploughed field. The kibitka now assumed the motion of a vessel at anchor when the tide is turning; our horses running down one slope, and toiling wearily up the other; Daniel and the driver being often required to help in pushing behind. For some time we bore the strain with tolerable good-humor. I assured the Generalinn that after this she need never fear seasickness, while she complimented me on the good construction of my English joints. At length, what with being jerked forward, tossed backward, knocked against the sides, and jostled against each other, we gradually began to flag; exchanged only a few despairing ejaculations or pitying glances, and were fairly jolted out of all cheerfulness. If the reader can imagine the misery of a mile spent in this way, and will then multiply both misery and mile by twenty, he will form an idea of what we suffered. These twenty miles occupied six hours.

We were now approaching the city of Narva, equally celebrated for its historical reminiscences, for its ruined fortress of Ivangorod, and for the striking falls of the river Narova, whence it takes its name. In the desire that a foreigner should see all that was worth seeing, Madame H. now proposed to make a *détour* of half a werst to see the falls, but which, in the selfishness of fatigue, I wished were not so near. We drove as close to them as practicable, and turning out of our late engine of torture, hobbled through the snow on to a bridge. In a moment fatigue was forgotten—a scene lay before

us which took the breath away. All that can be imagined of majestic masses of ice, and impetuous floods of water, with gigantic green and blue icicles of every fantastic form, and black, transparent, cold streams bursting from between every frozen block, and eddying from every crevice, was gathered together in the grandest form and movement. Above, the river was tightly frozen over, while from beneath its ponderous crust, which stood with jagged edges over the declivity, the water, as if desperate with its long thralldom, burst in uncontrollable fury, bearing along huge fragments of its prison walls. The banks which enclosed this striking scene were high and rocky, and graceful spectres of trees leaned towards the torrent, or stood in picturesque groups above. Summer will clothe all these features in other charms, and immensely increase the volume of water, but after the fury, force, and passion of what we beheld, the picture will be comparatively tame.

We had now stood ankle-deep in snow quite as long as was prudent, and resolutely turning away from this scene of polar grandeur we resumed our seat. The post-house of Narva offered no better accommodation than its fellows. A warm stove, a bare bedstead, and a clean table, were the sum total; and no Russian post-master conceives that more can be necessary—a varying standard of dirt constitutes the only difference. Now came a question it was necessary to decide. Hitherto our demand for horses had been pretty promptly supplied, but we were now approaching the capital, and what with couriers, ordinary and extraordinary, and even the sudden movements of imperialism itself, it was doubtful how far that supply would continue. For this reason it is that travellers sometimes abandon the postilion and engage a *yemtschik*, or species of *voiturier*, who does the journey with his own horses, to take them on to St. Petersburg. No sooner, therefore, was a new arrival manifest in Narva, than the floor of the post-house was crowded with *yemtschiks*, who after deafening Daniel with their rival merits in a language he did not understand, made their way in to us. Elsewhere such an intrusion would be thought unbearable, but the common Russian serf manages to throw such a veil of courtesy and good-humor over his most importunate act, that for any but his own much coarser master it would be difficult to lose temper with him. There they stood clustered together at our door, *fou-*

*raschkas* in hand, their erect and manly figures only bent when a courteous bow was supposed to give effect to their arguments. At first, to propitiate us, before hazarding the question of terms, they expatiated on the properties and beauties of their several steeds. One *Troika*, or trio, were “as swift as the wind”—another “beautiful as doves”—a third set only fit for the *Ghossudar*, or czar himself. By this time a few exorbitant prices had been named; then, in the ardor of competition, each watching our countenances with the closest attention, their charges began to abate; each bid, as at a Dutch auction, being lower, till it seemed we had only to sit still and listen, to be taken to Petersburg for nothing. At this time the oldest of the party worked himself to the front, and made a proposal which for shortness of time and lowness of price outdid all his comrades, on which, without waiting for our answer, the whole party turned upon him a volley of raillery and banter at his own and his horses’ expense, which he received with an air as if he could give answer in plenty, but knew better than to jangle in such company. We profited by this interruption to weigh both sides. If post-horses should fail us, the *yemtschik* plan was the surest in the end; on the other hand, to dawdle the whole way to St. Petersburg at a slow trot—out of every six hours, stopping three, to rest the horses, and probably sleeping a night on the road, was an inglorious prospect. No, this was out of the question. Therefore with many a nod and a smile, and calling them *Brat*, or brother, all round, we announced our determination to continue as we had come. Great as had been their courtesy while expecting a customer, we were prepared for some grumbling now, but we did not do the Russian character justice; on the contrary, they wished us a pleasant journey, and hoped we might find post-horses, and all with such perfect good-humor, that involuntarily our hands sought our purses, and our feelings took the form of a few roubles. No money ever went further. Daniel and Maschinka were now superfluous; every article was carried to our sledges by the smiling *yemtschiks*, and on taking our seats we found our cushions and furs arranged in a manner most grateful to our tired joints.

We were now fairly off again—night stealing on, and the stars beginning to appear. The air had meanwhile become milder, so that we relieved ourselves of part of our head-gear, and then at the first halt made over a small feather-bed, and

other oppressive items, to Daniel and Maschinka, who received them with gratitude. Then wearied with the jostling of the morning I sank in my corner and was soon in as deep a sleep as ever tired traveller enjoyed. Light was beginning when a slight quivering sob woke me up, and I felt with compunction how differently the intervening hours had been spent by my companion. The anxiety as to what awaited her now overcame her composure, and I was almost glad when she broke down into uncontrollable weeping, and gently allowed the young stranger whom she had mothered thus far, to minister such hope and consolation as she could command, and then gradually to lead her to other subjects which at all events beguiled the way. Our prompt supply of horses had meanwhile been a source of gratulation. We had come, it seemed, fortunately just a day behind a great stress of couriers. As we neared the capital the country increased, not in beauty, for there was no beauty to increase, but in interest. At about five in the morning we passed the dismal-looking Roptscha, the scene of Peter the Third's murder. This led us to kindred subjects, and a few portions of Russian history, the mention of which is forbidden by ukase, were safely discussed within the wooden walls of our equipage. It was ten o'clock when we reached Strelina, the last post before St. Petersburg, twenty-five wersts distant. Here we took coffee, and the weather continuing mild, *i.e.*, about fifteen of Fahrenheit, we made further reductions in our envelopments. It was fortunate now that a succession of objects relieved me of the obligation of trying to sustain my companion's spirits. Anxiety is contagious, and I am not sure that I could have commanded my own. Outwardly the Generalinn had regained her composure, and whether that bright, hectic spot on her clear cheek was mental suffering or bodily fatigue I must leave undecided.

The road has now gradually grown from a track only the width of our kibitka to a wide, white causeway, glistening like marble, and level as a plummet-line. The wooden werst-posts were exchanged for granite pillars on lofty pedestals, more magnificent than many a hero's monument, and here and there the streaming plume of an officer, as he glided past on his sledge, betrayed the vicinity of the capital. Soon we passed the neat cottages of the *Cantonisten*, the dwellings of a set of German gardeners and mechanics whom Alexander I. had invited to settle

here, and encouraged with numerous privileges. By this time also the *Datches* or country houses of the *noblesse* lay thick along the road; all of wood, with the owner's name (an idea of Dutch extraction) painted on the gate-posts. It would be difficult to say when and where we glided into St. Petersburg. From our low position not a spire or cupola was visible, and except that the slender population came and went a little thicker, and houses of wood were exchanged for houses of stone, there was nothing to mark that we had left the suburb. But none of the land entrances give the idea of a great capital; the showy front lies all towards the Neva. Not a word was now exchanged, though each well understood the other's silence. At length we drew slowly up before a long façade, and by the Generalinn's direction stopped at a handsome portal in the wing. Here she alighted; I followed her. A soldier-servant, stiff from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, opened the door. "The governor at home?" asked my companion. "*Ne doma's*" (not at home) was the reply. "Then I must see his lady, *paschol vni careta*" (out in the carriage); not a muscle of the face nor a joint of the body relaxed. By this time my poor friend's heart was in her throat; with increasing effort she gasped, "How is the young student H.?" The man looked bewildered; then, varying her question to a more Russian form, "How is Egor Petrovitch?" Still the man looked mysterious, as if he dared not answer. I saw the flush rise to the poor mother's face, and the same sickening fear occurred to me as I hastily interposed, "*On jivoi?*" (he is alive?), and perceiving by this time that the man, like too many of his fellows, was accustomed to be frightened out of his replies, I repeated the question in louder tones, adding an emphatic "*Durac*" (fool). "*Da's, da's*" (yes, yes), "*on jivoi!*" (he's alive!) was the ready answer now. "This lady is Egor Petrovitch's mother." "*Schlussuss*" (I obey) was the set answer. "She wants to see him;" "*Schlussuss*" again. It was in vain to question the machine on anything out of his beat, and another servant coming up, we ascertained that the lad had been moved a few days before to the commanding officer's house. "But he is very ill," added our informant. We hurried back to the sledge, and drove in silence through a more central part — over bridges, and past fine buildings, till we stopped again. This time I was next the door, and laying an entreating hand upon her to remain still — though utterly

in vain—I preceded her without ceremony—flew into the hall—caught sight of an old, grey-haired porter—asked one question—and in a moment the words "*luche—luche*" (better—better) were passed from him to me, and from me to her.

My task was now at an end. I remained below, nor need I be ashamed to own that my tears flowed for joy and thankfulness. In a few minutes a female servant begged me to follow her, and ascending the stairs I was clasped in a warm maternal embrace. "I must pour out my heart to you; oh! you have been so kind, and I dare not show emotion before him—but he is better, he is out of danger. Thank God! thank God!" and then perceiving the trace of tears on my cheek, she pressed me again to her, and smiling through her own said, "Let no one now say that Englishwomen are cold."

Thus ends the journal. Let it only be added that in three weeks' time a tall, pale cadet, accompanied by his mother, made his first visit to one who has already spoken too much of herself.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC."

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.

PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC WRITERS.

ORIENTAL poetry is commonly supposed to have but three themes, namely, flowers, wine, and women, and to be characterized by nothing but absurd and "far-fetched conceits." Such, however, is not the case of the highest class of Eastern any more than it is of the best Western poetry. The fact is, that true poetry (which is said not to admit of mediocrity), like human nature, is much the same everywhere and in every age. The "far-fetched conceits," which certainly abound in the works of some of the later Persian poets, are most exactly paralleled in the writings of those of our English poets whom Dr. Johnson, for want of a better term, has styled "metaphysical"—as Cowley, Donne, Waller, and others—and such must always be the result when one dips his pitcher into artificial ponds instead of going straight to nature's perennial fount. But the works of the oldest Hindú and Persian poets will bear favorable comparison with the best compositions of ancient Greece, as well as with the most admired productions of Euro-

pean writers. This may be considered as a bold and unwarranted assertion by the out-and-out admirer of "classical" poetry—who means the compositions of old Greece and Rome, and quite ignores the fact that the best literary productions of any country are "classical" there. Yet if such a prejudiced individual would take the trouble to read, even in English dress, some of the Hindú dramas,\* he will not fail to discover in them beauties equal to those he so much admires in his "classical" favorites, and, still more, that there is generally a striking identity of thought and even expression in the compositions of the ancient Greek and Hindú and the modern European poets. Nor is this matter for much wonder. The human mind does not seem to have made any appreciable advance, in its processes of reasoning and reflecting, since the days of Plato; and when we discover in the writings of men widely differing from each other in race and religion, manners and customs, similar ideas expressed in almost identical terms, we have evidence that human thought moves in certain grooves, so to speak, and that men of large and comprehensive minds, in all ages, think alike on many common subjects. In proof of this, I submit the following selection of poetical resemblances in the writings of celebrated European (chiefly English) and Asiatic poets, a few of which have already been pointed out by Dr. H. H. Wilson and others.

The fallen Wolsey's reflection, in his famous soliloquy in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII."—

Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies,  
finds a parallel in a poem by Firdausí (the "Homer of Persia") :—

Had I but written as many odes in praise  
of Muhammad and 'Alí as I have done for  
Sultán Mahmúd, they would have showered a  
hundred blessings on me;  
and another in a little story related by  
Sa'dí in his "Gulistán" :—

A vazír went to Zú'l-nún, of Egypt [a celebrated Muslim saint, and chief of the Súfis, *o.b.* A. H. 245=A. D. 859], and, asking his blessing, said, "I am day and night employed in the service of the king, hoping for some good from him, and dreading his wrath." Zú'l-nún wept and replied, "If I had served God as

\* Such as those translated by Dr. H. H. Wilson in his "Hindú Theatre" (from which are taken the passages from Indian plays cited in the present paper) and Sir M. Monier-Williams's elegant translation of "Sakúntalá," by Kálidasa, who has been styled the Shakespeare of India.

you have served the king, I should have been reckoned in the number of the just."

Everybody knows, and has often quoted, Young's line, which occurs in his "Night Thoughts":—

All men think all men mortal but themselves; and this is how the same observation is expressed in the "Mahābhārata," according to Dr. John Muir's translation of the passage:—

Is not those men's delusion strange,  
Who, while they see that every day  
So many sweeps from earth away,  
Can long themselves t'elude all change?

Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" is one of his most admired shorter pieces, and these lines, which occur in it, have become almost proverbial:—

Our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In this similitude the American poet was anticipated by Robert Chamberlain, who says, in his "Nocturnal Lucubrations" (1638):—

High time it is to flee vanity when the drum of Fate beats a quick march to the silent grave.

The same thought also occurs in the preface to Sa'di's "Gulistān":—

The hand of Fate beats its march upon the drum.

Next to Gray's "Elegy," Milton's two juvenile poems, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," furnish the greatest number of "familiar quotations" in English poetry. Almost every line of both is well known, and this fine idea, in his "L'Allegro"—

Where brooding Darkness spreads her jealous wings—

is paralleled in the "Makamat" of El-Hariri—

Though brooding Night her dreary wing hath spread.

Among the many beautiful expressions of conjugal love which Milton represents Adam and Eve as interchanging in his "Paradise Lost," one of the most intense is the following, which Adam addresses to "our common mother," when he learns that she has plucked the forbidden fruit:

If Death

Consort with thee, Death is to me as Life.

In a similar spirit does the love-stricken Zulaykhā speak of Joseph, in Jāmf's admirable mystical poem:—

The sapling of life were useless without him,  
Life everlasting were death without him.

And in the noble Sanskrit epic, the "Rāmāyana," Sita, the spouse of Rāmā, thus pleads for leave to accompany him into exile:—

A wife must share her husband's fate; my duty is to follow thee

Where'er thou goest. Apart from thee I would not dwell in heaven itself.

Roaming with thee o'er desert wastes, a thousand years will be a day;

Dwelling with thee, e'en hell itself would be a heaven of bliss.

In another familiar passage in "Paradise Lost," the archangel Michael informs Adam that

love is the scale

By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend.

This sentiment forms one of the leading doctrines of the Sūfīs and is thus expressed in Jāmf's poem of "Yūsuf wa Zulaykhā," in which perfect union of the human soul with the Deity is mystically shadowed:—

Thou hast never yet stirred thy foot in the way of love;

Go, become a lover, and then appear before me:

For till thou hast tasted the symbolical wine-cup,

Thou wilt never drain the real wine to the lees.

Jāmf has these lines in the same poem:

If he [*i.e.*, the lover] scenteth the rose, he longs to see it;

If he seeth it, he cannot but pluck it—

a thought which Byron unconsciously echoes in his "Childe Harold" (iii. 2):—

Who can view the ripened rose nor seek  
To wear it?

Again, in "Don Juan" (iii. 2), Byron exclaims:—

O Love, what is there in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved?

Compare Jāmf (in "Yūsuf wa Zulaykhā"):—

In love there is no such thing as felicity;

In love no such thing as satisfaction of life!

Its beginnings have their source in a bitter fountain,

Its ending in self-inflicted death.

According to the Hindū poets there are ten stages of love: (1) Love of the eyes; (2) attachment of the mind; (3) production of desire; (4) sleeplessness; (5) emaciation; (6) indifference to objects of sense; (7) loss of shame; (8) distraction; (9) fainting; (10) death.

The coincidences of thought and expression in the writings of Shakespeare and those of the greatest Asiatic poets,



especially the ancient Hindú dramatists, are very striking. Thus Hamlet says that his murdered father was

so loving to my mother,  
That he permitted not the winds of heaven  
To visit her face too roughly;

the same expression is found in the "Sháh Náma:"—

He took such care of her that he did not allow the winds to blow upon her bosom.

And in the Arabian tale of "Hasan of Basra" the hero, referring to his fairy bride, says to his mother:—

"Do thou serve her thyself, and suffer her not to go forth the door, neither look out of the window nor over the wall; for I fear the air for her when it bloweth."

In the tragedy of "Macbeth" are the well-known lines:—

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break;

and in "Richard III." we read:—

*Elis.* Why should calamity be full of words?

*Duch. of York.* Let them have scope; tho' what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Compare these passages with the following, from Bhavabhúti's drama, "Uttara Rámá Charitra:"—

'Tis better thus  
To give our sorrows way. Sufferers should speak  
Their griefs. The bursting heart that overflows

In words obtains relief: the swelling lake  
Is not imperilled when its rising waters  
Find ready passage through their wonted channel.

The vacillating Prince of Denmark, after much fruitless cogitation, exclaims:

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,  
a reflection which is also found in the Hindú drama entitled "Mrichchakata:"

Thus guilty conscience makes me fear, for man  
Is ever frightened by his own offences.\*

Another of Hamlet's observations—

The Almighty hath fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter—

is paralleled in the "Uttara Rámá Charitra:"—

Nor dare I loose  
The vital spark myself, for deepest hell,  
Where the sun never shines, awaits the wretch  
Who lifts his hand against his own existence.

\* Butler, in his "Hudibras," says, "the thief doth fear each bush an officer," and a very old book tells us that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

As specimens of "excellent fooling," some passages in "Midsummer Night's Dream" are unrivalled in our language, but not so in the Sanskrit. For example, Bottom, the Weaver, as Pyramus, is represented as saying, with his characteristic absurdity:—

I see a voice; now will I to the chink,  
To spy if I can hear my Thisbe's face;  
and again:—

*Eye of man hath not heard, nor ear seen,*  
and so on. Now observe the very curious resemblance presented to Bottom's nonsense in the following dialogue from the play of the "Mrichchakata," between Samst'hanaka, an ignorant and frivolous coxcomb, and Vita, his parasite:—

*Samst.* I must search for Vasantasena.

*Vita.* Is there anything by which you can trace her?

*Samst.* What should there be?

*Vita.* The tinkling of her ornaments, the odor of her perfumes, and the fragrance of her garland.

*Samst.* Very true. I can hear with my nostrils the scent of her garland spreading through the darkness; but I cannot see the sound of her ornaments.

Is it not exceedingly singular that two dramatists, so widely separated by age and country, should have "hit upon" precisely the same sort of absurdity? Did they both live at the present day, one in France, the other in England, would we not be justified in charging one of them with barefaced plagiarism?

Our great dramatist's dictum that  
ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,  
has its parallel in the "Sháh Náma:"—

Choose knowledge,  
If thou desirest a blessing from the Universal Provider;  
For the ignorant man cannot rise above himself,  
And it is by knowledge that thou must render thyself praiseworthy.

Isabella tells the duke in "Measure for Measure,"—

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad—

a sentiment frequently reiterated in Buddhist books, as in the "Dhammapada:"—

He who has been reckless and afterwards becomes sober brightens up like the moon when freed from clouds.

Addison has, in his play of "Cato,"

which had such a great "run" in his time, but is not only never performed but never even looked at nowadays,—

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty  
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage;

Sperone Speroni is reported to have said to the Duke of Rovere :—

"Our happiness is not to be measured by its duration. I prefer to live one day as a man than a hundred years as a brute."

But both were anticipated by the author of Buddha's "Dhammapada":—

A life of one day, if a man is virtuous and reflecting, is better than a life of a hundred years, if a man is vicious and unreflecting.

And Somadeva, in the "Kathá Sarit Ságará," says :—

It is better to live for one moment bound by the bonds of righteousness than to live unrighteously for hundreds of *krōres* of *kalpas*.\*

Prince Henry's speech over the dead body of the fiery Hotspur, in Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," Part I.,—

When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,  
But now *two faces* of the vilest earth  
Is room enough—

bears a very close resemblance to a passage in the "Makamat" of El-Hariri, who thus speaks of the grave :—

A dwelling-place, where, restless now no more,

Each mortal, housed at last in narrow tomb,  
How vast soe'er the place he claimed before,  
With cell *two faces* long has ample room.

And in the Chinese poem, translated by Davis, under the title of "The Three Dedicated Chambers," these verses occur :—

Lord of ten thousand acres, flowering fair,  
A few small morsels quell thy appetite;  
A thousand spreading roofs demand thy care,  
And lo, *six feet* suffice thee every night.

With the Chinese "six feet" means simply to go to bed; with us it signifies, in moralizing, the grave. As death and sleep are universally termed twin brothers, the Chinese poet's illustration of man's natural littleness may also be considered as a parallel to the two preceding citations.

In Byron's "Monody on the Death of R. B. Sheridan," he says :—

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,  
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.

\* A *krōre* (or *karor*), in Hindú numeration, is ten millions, and a *kalpa* is a great mundane age, a day of Brahma; it is one thousand ages of the gods. Thus a divine age multiplied by 1,000 is equal to 4,320,000,000 years, or a day and a night of Brahma.

Assuredly the noble poet had never read this passage, from the Sanskrit (but I have not a note of the drama in which it is found):—

The mould in which Marú was formed is such that none other in the whole world has been framed like it. Either the mould has been broken, or the artificer has forgotten how to fashion another.

The expression, "None but himself can be his parallel," in the same poem of Byron critics have censured as an illogical conceit; but it has been pointed out in the old Telugú "Sumati Satakam": "He is comparable to himself alone;" and in the "Rámáyana" the idea is employed in a somewhat exaggerated form :—

The heavens can be likened only unto the heavens;  
And to Rámá and Rávana can Rámá and Rávana only be compared.

It is not to be supposed that the poet Campbell was acquainted with the writings of Firdausí, yet the well-known line in "Lochiel's Warning":—

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one—

seems the very echo of a hemistich in the "Sháh Náma":—

They were many in number, but one in heart.

The comparison of the world to an inn is sometimes found in English poetry. Dryden, in his "Palamon and Arcite," says :—

Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend,  
The world's an inn, and Death the journey's end.

And most readers are doubtless familiar with the "Epitaph on an Innkeeper," beginning :—

Man's life is like a vintner's day;  
Some only breakfast and away,

and so forth. Firdausí seems to have been somewhat partial to this comparison. In his scathing satire on Mahmúd of Ghazni, he says, referring to the time occupied in the composition of his immortal epic :—

Thirty years long in this transitory inn  
Have I toiled laboriously in the hope of my reward;

and again, in the "Sháh Náma":—

This transitory inn is after this fashion:  
One is neglected, another enjoyeth every comfort;  
One arriveth, another departeth.

A highly poetical thought is expressed in the following passage, from the "King's Quair" (or Book), by James the First of Scotland:—

Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,  
Or heavenly king in likeness of nature.  
Or are ye god Cupid his own princess,  
And coming are to loose me out of band?  
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,  
That have depainted with your heavenly hand  
This garden full of flowers as they stand?

An exact parallel to the royal poet's idea is found in Somadeva's "Kathā Sarit Sāgara":—

When the young man saw her, she at once robbed him of his heart, and he was bewildered by love and no longer master of his feelings. He said to himself: "Can this be Roti, come in person to gather flowers accumulated by Spring, in order to make arrows for the God of Love? Or is it the presiding goddess of the wood, come to worship the spring?"

Sa'dī has also the same thought:—

Who is walking there? Thou, or a tall cypress?  
Or is it an angel in human form?

The cypress is usually considered by Europeans as the symbol of everything that is solemn or gloomy; by Asiatic poets it is employed as the type of female grace and beauty. Thus Hāfiz says:—

Send seats to the garden, for the cypress and the cane are standing together like slaves to perform their duty;

that is to say, ready to make obeisance to the superior gracefulness of the poet's love—his cypress. Waller has some verses to the same effect:—

The plants acknowledge this and her admire,  
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre;  
If she sits down, with tops all towards her bowed,  
They round about her into arbors crowd;  
Or, if she walk, in even ranks they stand,  
Like some well-marshalled and obsequious band.

The ancient Greek poet Hesiod expresses a very beautiful idea in his description of Aphrodite rising from the sea (Hookham Frere's translation):—

Where her delicate feet  
Had pressed the sands, sweet flowering herb-  
age sprang.

Ben Jonson perhaps imitated this in his "Sad Shepherd":—

\* Kāma is the Hindū Cupid, and Roti, or Rati, his bride; both are worshipped with offerings of fruit and flowers.

Here was she wont to go, and here, and here,  
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets  
grow;

The world may find the spring by following  
her,

For other prints her airy steps ne'er left:  
And where she went the flowers took thickest  
root,

As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

So, too, in the Kalmuk tales of Siddhī Kūr: "The maiden went on her way, and flowers sprang after her footsteps." This idea is very ancient, since we find it in the writings of Hesiod, and it was perhaps derived from the Hindūs, among whom a very singular superstition has existed from most ancient times, which is frequently alluded to by Indian poets. They believe that the *asoka* tree, when barren, might be induced to put forth flowers by the contact of a handsome woman's foot. Thus, in the Hindū drama of "Retnavali," one of the characters, describing the appearance of a garden, in which lovely damsels are sporting, refers to this curious practice: "The bees give back in harmony the music of the anklets, ringing melodiously as the delicate feet are raised against the stem of the *asoka* tree."

W. A. CLOUSTON.

From The Spectator.

OBER-AMMERGAU: BEHIND THE SCENES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—It is next to impossible for any one who has not been to the Passions-Spiel to imagine it; and in like manner it seems to the present writer utterly and absolutely impossible for any one to imagine what is the effect of the Spiel upon the inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau, if they come on Saturday and rush off on Sunday night or Monday morning, with no opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of villagers not only educated for generations through religious art, but for forty years under the personal training and guidance of that most remarkable man, Aloys Daisenberger, to whom we owe the play in its present shape. Without taking this into account, how is it possible to form any opinion as to whether the Spiel will be desecrated by repetition, and whether it is or is not a mere remnant of mediævalism, out of touch with the modern world?

If any one wishes to see the effect of the Spiel in concentrating the religion of Ober-Ammergau upon the central figure

of Christianity, they need only notice that the symbol of faith, everywhere in the village, is the crucifix *only*; and let them compare with this fact Daisenberger's five sermons preparatory to the Passion-Play \* of 1871, which many English people will wish they had known of before they came to the Spiel, — short meditations addressed to the actors and spectators of the play, simple, reverent, loving, and plain spoken, which no one can read, especially at Ober-Ammergau, without being the better for them, and in which there is not a single word which betrays the Romanist as distinguished from the Catholic Christian. But what is still more instructive is to study the manners and demeanor of the people among themselves and to their visitors. Mayr expresses his view of the one thing needful, as to "try to do the will of God *auf's innersten*, and be helpful to one's neighbors;" and one cannot live among them without feeling that there is a most wonderful sweetness and graciousness among the people of Ammergau, which is not in itself native to Bavarians as such, and which one can hardly help feeling must be due, under God, to Daisenberger and the Spiel. Every one greets you with a pleasant smile, and ripples out into genial laughter at anything that touches their sense of humor. Every one is ready to do you a service without thinking for a moment about the inconvenience to themselves. Nowhere but at Ammergau has the present writer ever met a landlady who at parting, unasked, deducted from her bill nearly a third of the agreed-upon payment, on the ground that her guest had not eaten as much as he or she might have done! No one seems to grumble or quarrel, — at least, one never hears voices raised in any but friendly converse. And the most striking figure in the village, "Christus Mayr" as they call him, with his six foot three of height and his long hair, is one of the kindest and most considerate of men, reminding one, with a difference, of some of the peasant-heroes in George MacDonald's earlier books, before they had developed into prigs. It seems as if the village had really been trained to carry into practice one of Daisenberger's admonitions: "Look, O disciple of Christ! your master is so gentle, so kindly, so

mild in his intercourse with those about him, so full of hearty sympathy for their weal and woe. And you, in intercourse with those about you, would you be always showing yourself grumbling, rough and rude, blustering, repellent and unsympathetic? No! I am sure you would not wish to be so utterly unlike your master."

It is instructive to be taken over the theatre and shown the properties, which are very unlike most theatrical properties, inasmuch as everything which looks costly, is costly; what looks heavy, is heavy; and no one dreams of sparing his strength by using a lighter duplicate, if the real thing can be made use of. For instance, the three crosses carried in the Via Dolorosa scene are so heavy that no one but a very strong man could carry them; but it seems natural to the players that the same cross that is to be used in the Crucifixion should be carried, if carried it can be. So also there is no attempt made to make the crown of thorns easy to the wearer. "Are you not very tired after the play?" one of us said to Mayr. "Pretty well, but one doesn't think about that," was the answer. It is without the slightest sense of incongruity that the players put themselves back, the men into their not very well fitting coats and trousers, and the girls into their cotton bodices and stuff skirts. The Madonna goes to her father's office, and there adjudges lodgings and tickets; St. Peter sits at his window carving *Schnitzen*; Pilate's attendant, who is also Tobias's angel, and has four other parts besides, goes to his carpenter's bench; the Apostle Simon opens the cowhouse door to the gentle little cream-colored cows, who have brought themselves home for milking, and caresses them before they follow him in to be milked; while Mayr appears to be at the beck and call of any one who needs him, and to feel it impossible ever to refuse a possible service. The present writer leaves the Spiel itself alone, as something too sacred for the columns of a newspaper; but it appears to him quite as likely, if not more so, that the Spiel will do its part in reconvertng Europe to its long-lost Christianity, as that Europe will end by desecrating the Spiel, if the villagers of Ober-Ammergau remain true to their own ideal.

I am, sir, etc.,  
M. BRAMSTON.

\* Die Früchte der Passionsbetrachtung. Von Joseph Aloys Daisenberger. Manz, Regensburg.

